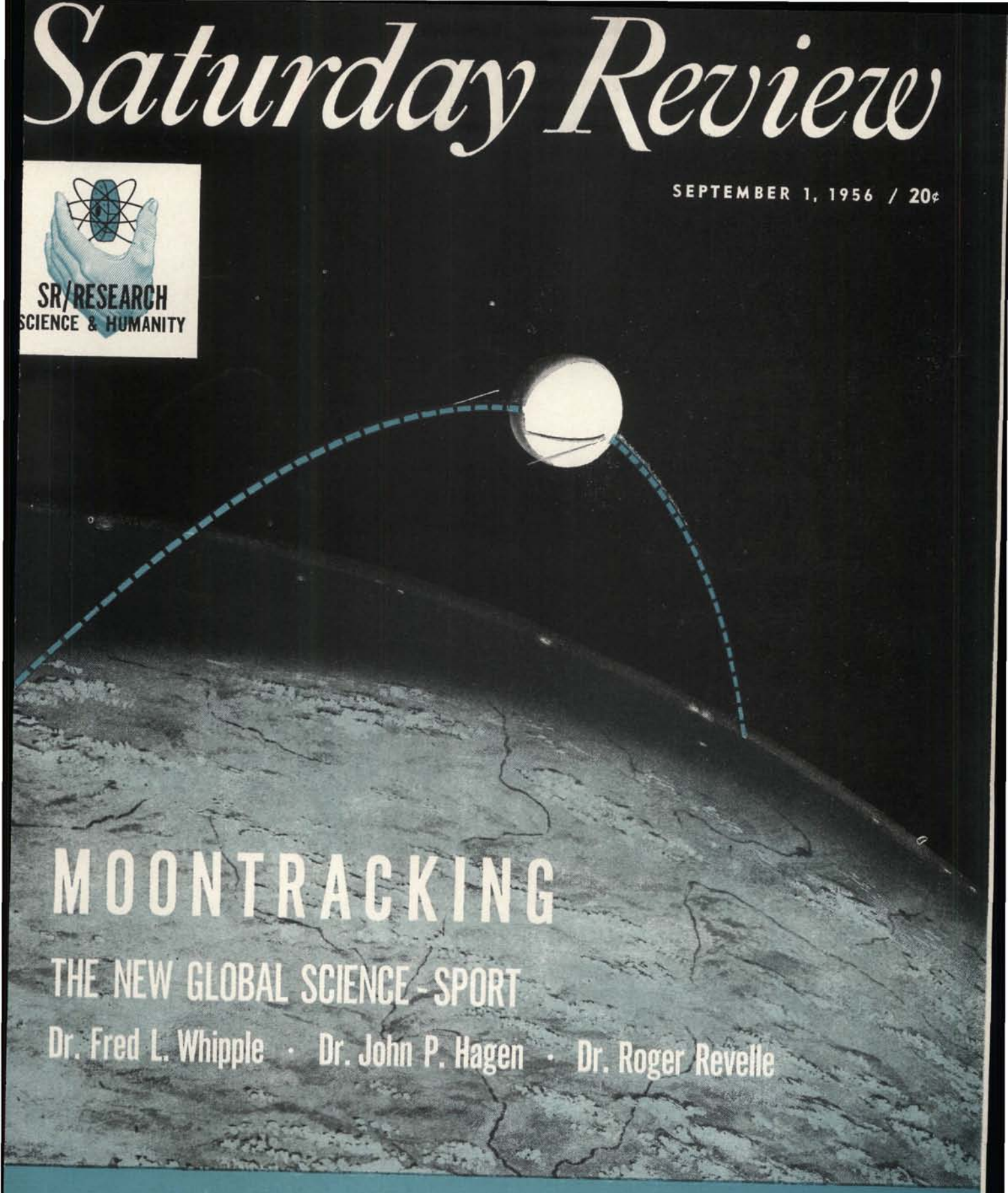
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 1, 1956 / 20¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY



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"J.B.": A PLAY IN VERSE: THE PROLOGUE By Archibald MacLeish

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By REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD, USN (RET.)

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Richard E. Byrd

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The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX No. 35, September 1, 1956. Re-entered second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical L[illegible]." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

IN A PIECE about that comparative rarity, books about children by their parents, Harry C. Bauer, director of libraries at the University of Washington in Seattle, used a fascinating opening sentence, to wit: "Lady Alwyne Compton once made the brilliant observation that biographies fell into two categories: Auto-biography and Ought-not-to-biography."

WHY DON'T GERMAN WAR BOOKS sell well in this country even now, ten years after World War II? Back in 1929, about a decade after World War I, Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," which had sold 1,200,000 copies in Germany, came out here, crashed through every resistance, and became a great best-seller in a few weeks.

Nothing remotely like that has happened this time. Not yet.

These reflections were waved into life by Peter Bamm's "The Invisible Flag," coming next week from John Day, some four years after it appeared in Germany, where it sold a million copies. Peter Bamm is a pseudonym for Dr. Curt Emmrich, born in Bavaria in 1897, holder of the Iron Cross from World War I, a ship's surgeon, an ex-journalist, an expert on China, author of many stories, radio plays, and four novels.

His new book is about his war experiences as a surgeon-in-uniform; he performed 8,000 operations in the 7,500 miles of march between Germany and the Crimea. It is an anti-Nazi book, of course, revealing his loathing for the "Tyrant" or the "Hysterical Dictator" and, contrariwise, telling of his kinship with all others who unite under "the invisible flag of humanity."

So far so good. And yet in the sections I read I kept wondering uneasily whether the author wasn't also revealing an exhilaration over the adventure and challenge of war under the very visible swastika.

That uncomfortable notion made me cast a fast look at a raft of other recent books by German writers. In February, for instance, Little, Brown published the first of a humorous trilogy, Hans Kirst's "The Revolt of Gunner Asch," which had sold 750,000 in the homeland and another 500,000 in the Netherlands, France, and Denmark—but which never got very far here.

Part II, "Forward, Gunner Asch," is due next month, and Mr. Kirst's editor, Randall Williams, sounded a touch conservative or reluctant to discuss anything like the size of the first printing. *Not* the way publishers sound when it's a nice plump 20,000 or 30,000.

"Fragebogen," meaning "Questionnaire," by Ernst von Salomon, was a long book that had sold 250,000 in Germany. Doubleday published it here last year. It flopped, but good.

More recently Hans Richter's "They Fell from God's Hand" (Dutton), Gerhardt Kramer's "We Shall March Again" (Putnam), "The Tortured Earth" by Gert Legid (Regnery), Heinrich Böll's "The Train Was on Time" (Criterion), and many others all repeat the same pattern—Big Stuff abroad, nothing much here.

Even a comparative success like Willi Heinrich's "The Cross of Iron" (Bobbs-Merrill), which did get on the lower rungs of the best-seller lists, hung on for six weeks or so and then slid off and stayed off?

Why?

HAVING DONE ONLY SOME DIPPING and sampling and review-reading and question-asking, all I have is a non-firm theory about that "why?" But I keep thinking about it, and it may be firmer than I know:

All these books are anti-Nazi, true. But by some odd coincidence they all deal with Nazi land warfare and the Russian front. None that I know of touches the blitzing part of the war except in passing, or the submarine part, or the occupation and tyranny parts. No German author has yet written about yellow arm bands and Gestapo tortures and concentration camps and blazing furnaces for humans.

"None that I know of" was my signal to turn rapidly for help to those blessed helper-outers in the New York Public Library, the Readers' Adviser's Service. I was rapid; they were deliberate and thorough. After forty-eight hours of doing practically a master's thesis, consulting the H. W. Wilson *Cumulative Book Index, Book Review Digest,* and all their other sources the report was, in effect, "Quite true. No German book of that sort has as yet appeared here."

Perhaps some writer, known or unknown, is leaning over some pad or typewriter somewhere in Germany at this very moment writing of these monstrous matters on the grand level of tragedy, writing in the unequivocal language of passion and protest.

If he is then *there's* a book that will one day become the "All Quiet" of this generation. So, at least, I think. Very firmly indeed.

IF YOU MORE OR LESS WATCH somebody grow up, from pre-teens on, and then that somebody writes a first book which you love and all the critics praise are you to button your typewriter merely because you are a non-log-roller? No, Echo answers, you are not to button your typewriter. You are as free as the next one to write about "Spring on an Arctic Island," by Katharine Scherman, just published by Little, Brown.

As free, for example, as that $64,000 "Vagrant Viking" Peter Freuchen, to say, "What a lovely book! I am convinced it will stand up as a classic about the Arctic."

As free as John Kieran and Dorothy Canfield and Joseph Wood Krutch and Edwin Way Teale to praise it to the Midnight Sun.

This "classic about the Arctic" is an odd, gentle mixture of personal narrative and natural history, a record of an expedition that Katharine Scherman and her husband, Axel Rosin, amateur ornithologists both, took in 1954 with several scientists to Bylot Island, 450 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

The young author comes from a fairly gifted family; perhaps that helps explain her talent. Her brother is Thomas Scherman, conductor of the Little Symphony Orchestra; her mother, Bernadine Kielty, is an editor and book-page columnist for *Ladies' Home Journal,* and her pop is Harry Scherman, who started and presides over BOMC, more formally known as the Book-of-the-Month Club.

ANOTHER COMMUNIQUE from another librarian, this one four pages of long-hand legible as type, comes from Roger B. Francis of South Bend, and deals mostly with dear old "Anons and Pseudos" and my remarks anent unstated authorships.

"In your last sentence," writes librarian Francis with what I felt was unstated glee, "you raised a point which should cover the Library of Congress with embarrassment. Being the acme of library cataloguing, L.C., I think, always indicates a pseud. when they know an author is hiding, but the recent quarterly issue of the L.C. catalogue still lists George Orwell, 1903-1950, as if he really was—*they* don't know about Eric Blair."

Well, sir, I didn't know about *them*; I bet now that somebody will tell them not only about Eric Blair, but about Roger B. Francis.

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: TRADE WINDS *is being conducted by Laura Z. Hobson while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 1, 1956

"J.B." THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY

THREE years ago Archibald MacLeish began a one-act verse play based on the story of Job. He then had a BBC production in mind. Now, three drafts later, the play has grown into a full-length, three-act stage production with an acted prologue. The third draft is still work-in-progress but Mr. MacLeish hopes to have it ready by the end of the year for production and publication in 1957.

It is rare in our time for poetic drama to dare such a theme as MacLeish has here set himself—to address not only Good and Evil but to ponder the very nature of God and, conversely, of Satan. For was not that Job's true question? The reader will have little difficulty in recognizing Mr. Zuss as Something-less-than-Zeus and Nickles as Something-less-than-Old Nick. The number of possible interpretations compacted into that allegory will not reveal themselves to any man's first glance, but the dramatic power of their presentation—mounting surely and certainly to the moment when the masks jerk alive on their own—cannot fail to engage him.

That a poet of Mr. MacLeish's power should address so profound a theme is in itself news from whatever it is that forms values in men's minds. That he should be able to breathe such force into his presentation is that news multiplied by delight. SR *is proud of this opportunity to introduce through its Prologue what may well become one of the lasting achievements of art and mind in our time.*

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

The scene throughout is a corner inside an enormous circus tent where a side-show of some kind has apparently been set up. A huge, slanted pole thrusts the canvas out and up, away from the audience, to make the peak of the corner. There is a small, rough, wooden platform reached by a ladder at the left, a deal table and seven straight chairs at the right. Clowns' costumes have been left about at one side and the other. At the beginning what light there is is provided by two bulbs hanging from wires. The place is obviously deserted: late night.

PROLOGUE

Mr. Zuss enters from the left followed by Nickles. Both wear circus-vendor's caps and jackets; both are old; both betray in their carriage and speech the broken-down actor fallen on evil days but still actor. Mr. Zuss is large, self-assured, expansive: a bunch of balloons is anchored to his belt. Nickles is gaunt and sardonic: Hamlet would have been his chosen role in the old days. He has a popcorn tray slung from straps across his shoulders.

Mr. Zuss: This is where they do it.
Nickles: *contemptuous* This!
Bare stage!
Mr. Zuss: Not on your tintype!
Heaven and Earth. That platform's Heaven.
Nickles: I remember.
Mr. Zuss: You remember!
The most you'll ever see of Heaven
Is seven dollars Saturday night
Unless you sell a brochure sometime.
Any bites?
Nickles: Suppose you kiss yourself.
No rush to buy your worlds I notice.
Mr. Zuss: I could sell one to a . . .
Nickles: . . . child:
You told me. Where's the Earth?
Mr. Zuss: Earth?
Earth is where the table is.
That's where Job sits: at the table.
God and Satan stand above.
he peers anxiously at the canvas sky
I wonder if we'd better?
Nickles: What?
Mr. Zuss: Play it.
Nickles: Why not? Who cares? *They* don't.
Mr. Zuss: At least we've read it in the Bible.
They can't read.
Nickles: That's right. They only
Own the show.
Mr. Zuss: Perhaps we shouldn't.
Nickles: Listen! Who's ever going to know?
The light crew? They don't care. They've got their
Lights to play with.

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Mr. Zuss: *dropping his balloon belt* Right! Decision! Places!
Nickles: You'll play the part of . . .
Mr. Zuss: Naturally.
Nickles: In a mask of course. They must use masks.
Mr. Zuss: *shocked* Mask!
Nickles: Certainly. You wouldn't play God in your
Face would you? You read the Bible.
Job's God is God the Creator,
God Himself, maker of the Universe.
How would you hang the world in time
With a two-days' beard on your chin or a pinky? . . .
Lay its measure? . . . Stretch the line on it? . . .
Mr. Zuss: *attitude* "Whatsoever is under the whole Heaven is mine!"
Nickles: That's what I mean:
You need a mask.
Mr. Zuss: *heavy sarcasm* Perhaps a more Accomplished actor . . .
Nickles: Accomplished tonsil!
Don't you remember anything at all?
The hawk flies by His wisdom: *His!*
And the wild goats—remember that?
"Dost thou know the time of the wild goats?"
What human face knows that? You'd need
Treebark to know it or a face of feathers.
Human faces know too much too little.
Creator of the Universe, you're playing:—
Behemoth! Leviathan!
You think a man's moist eye could mean
Absolute violence, pure compulsion?
Mr. Zuss: I suppose not. I suppose it couldn't.
Or absolute love.
Nickles: Love! God?
God can love? The Creator loves us?
Mr. Zuss: Naturally. As we love Him.
Nickles: We do?
Love the boiling point of water?—
Love the precession of the equinoxes?
The stare in the eye of a star?
He shrugs, notices his shoulder straps, takes his tray off. God
Is. You can't play IS in flesh-face—
Not even you, ablest actor.
Mr. Zuss: You've always been my admirer, haven't you?
A seed of salt in my art.
Nickles: I mean it.
Ablest. All of them would say so.
Nobody else for the part, they'd say.
The one man for God in the theatre.
Mr. Zuss: You make me humble.
Nickles: No. I'm serious.
The part was written for you!
Mr. Zuss: *gesture of protest* Oh!
Nickles: But the mask is imperative. You see that.
If God should laugh
The mare would calf
The cow would foal
Diddle my soul . . .
Mr. Zuss: *shocked* God never laughs! In the whole bible!
Nickles: That's what I say: *we do.* Job
Covers his mouth with his hand at the end.
Mr. Zuss: Job is abashed.
Nickles: He says he's abashed.
Mr. Zuss: He should be abashed. It's rank irreverence: Job there on the earth . . .
Nickles: on his dungheap . . .
Mr. Zuss: Questioning God!
Nickles: Beholding God.
Mr. Zuss: Demanding justice of God!
Nickles: Demanding
Justice. No wonder he laughs. It's ridiculous.
God has killed his sons, his daughters,
Taken his camels, oxen, sheep,
Everything he has, and left him
Sick and stricken on his heap,
Not even the comfort of a fault—
Consciousness of crime—the rag of
Cause, of reasons.
Mr. Zuss: God is cause.
Whatever God may do is justice.
That's what Job can never learn:
Not till the end. That's what the play is.
Nickles: *That's* what the play is! Job, poor Job,
Who wanted reasons!
Mr. Zuss: God is reasons.
Nickles: For the birds, yes: for the beasts. They're grateful.
Take their young away, they'll sing
Or purr or moo or splash—whatever.
Not for Job though.
Mr. Zuss: And that's why.
Nickles: Why what?
Mr. Zuss: He suffers.
Nickles: Ah? Because
He's not a bird, you mean?
Mr. Zuss: You're frivolous.
Nickles: *working himself up.*
That's exactly what you mean.
The one thing God can't stomach is a man—
That scratcher at the crack in the creation!
That eyeball squinting through into His
Eye!—blind with the sight of Sight.
Mr. Zuss: God made him didn't He? Who is Job to . . .
Nickles: Give the top back?
Mr. Zuss: Yes. What top?
Nickles: The only top we have: the world,
That whirler.
Mr. Zuss: What's so wrong with the world?
Nickles: Try to spin one on a dung heap!
Mr. Zuss stamps across to the table, shoves the chairs around angrily.
Mr. Zuss: I sometimes wonder if you're . . .
Nickles: What?
Mr. Zuss: Oh,
Serious enough . . .
Nickles: To?
Mr. Zuss: Nothing.
He straightens out the chairs. Nickles sits on a rung of the ladder. After a time he begins to sing to himself.
Nickles: I heard upon his dry dung heap
That man cry out who cannot sleep:
"If God is God He is not good,
If God is good He is not God;
Take the even, take the odd,
I would not sleep here if I could
Except for the little green leaf in the wood
And the wind on the water."
Mr. Zuss: You are a bitter man.
Nickles: I taste of the world . . .
He rises from the ladder.
The stick that broke my father's back
And beats my children's brains out.
He flings his cap onto his tray of popcorn.
Job

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Knows what the stick's end tastes of.
Mr. Zuss: *violently* I tell you
Job accepts the world.
Nickles: He covers his
Mouth with his hand.
Nickels: God has persuaded him.
Nickels: God has shouted him down.
Mr. Zuss: He has seen
God.
Precisely, He has seen Him—
Nickles: *Theatrically*
Seen Him by death's icy moonlight,
By that cold disclosing eye
That stares the color out and strews
The earth . . . with truth . . . for nothing . . .
Mr. Zuss covers his ears with his hands. Silence.
Nickles: Who plays
Job?
Mr. Zuss: *sullenly* There's always someone.
Nickles: What do you
Mean?
Mr. Zuss: Exactly what I say.
There's always someone playing Job.
Whenever they begin there's someone:
Someone who wants . . .
Nickles: a reason? Eh?
Someone who suffers without sin?
The world's full of them.
Mr. Zuss: . . . who finds the Reason.
Nickles: Looks for it, maybe. There must be millions:
Not with camels but still Job—
Job with all his children murdered—
Job with his work for nothing sitting
Counting his losses, scraping his boils,
Discussing himself with his friends and
physicians,
Questioning everything, the times, the stars,
His own soul, God's providence.
How do they know which one to choose?
Mr. Zuss: They don't.
Nickles: Who does then?
Mr. Zuss: They don't choose.
All they do is start: he's there.
Nickles: What do you mean?
Mr. Zuss: Just that.
Nickles: He's where?
Mr. Zuss: He's in the part—he and his children.
Nickles: In his chair?
Mr. Zuss: All we have to do is
Start.
Nickles: We! Who?
Mr. Zuss: You.
Me.
Nickles: We! And you play God?
Mr. Zuss: I play God. I thought I mentioned it.
Nickles: You play God and I play . . . ?
Mr. Zuss: Won't you?
Nickles: Why?
Mr. Zuss: Because—forgive my saying it—
I think of you and me as opposites.
Nickles: Nice of you.
Mr. Zuss: I didn't mean to be nasty.
Nickles: Your opposite! A demanding role.
Mr. Zuss: I know.
Nickles: But worthy of me.
Mr. Zuss: Don't be angry.
Nickles: Oh, I suppose there must be someone
Even to play the louse in Lear.
Mr. Zuss: I have offended you. I didn't mean to.
Nickles: Did I say I was offended?
Father of Lies they call him, don't they?
Father of Lies! Who knows he lies?
Who knows enough to know that? Show me the
Mask.
Mr. Zuss: He has one?
Nickles: Sure to have one.
Mr. Zuss: Where?
Nickles: There.
Mr. Zuss: Not in *Heaven!*
Nickles: God and Satan meet in Heaven.
Don't you remember?
Mr. Zuss: I remember.
Mr. Zuss climbs the ladder, rummages around, turns holding out a mask with a face like one of Blake's Jehovahs but huge, blank, white, removed, expressionless, the eyes lidded like the eyes of the mask in Michaelangelo's Night.
Nickles: *looking up from the foot of the ladder*
That's not—his.
Mr. Zuss: It's His.
Nickles: God's.
I know. I've seen that face before.
They find it deep in blocks of marble.
God the Creator—of the animals.
Mr. Zuss: God of
Everything that is or can.
Nickles: Is or can but cannot know.
Mr. Zuss: There's nothing He can't know. Nothing!
Nickles: Except to know He knows it. Look at those
Eyes. Like hens' eyes. Like a lion's.
They know the way the wild geese know—
Those pin-point travellers who go home
To Labradors they never think of,
Unwinding the will of the world like string.
What would He make of a man, I ask you.
Mr. Zuss: Make? He made!
Nickles: Sure. He made him:—
An animal like any other
Calculated for the boughs of
Trees and meant to chatter and be grateful.
But womb-worm wonders and grows wings:
It actually does. The cock-eyed things
Dream themselves into a buzz
And drown on window panes. God made them
Wingless but they wish.
He climbs a rung on the ladder.
That's why
He can't leave Job alone: keeps testing him.
Somehow Job has got outside—
Expects things of Him—asks for justice.
Justice in this cess pool! Think of it!
Job knows better when it's over.
Mr. Zuss: Job knows justice when it's over.
Justice has a face like this—
Like sky—like starlight.
Nickles: Like the stones!
Show me the other.
Mr. Zuss. *rummaging again.* You won't find it
Beautiful, you understand.
Nickles: I know that.
Beauty's the Creator's bait,
Not the Uncreator's: his
Is Nothing, the unface of Nothing
Smiling with its not-there eyes. . . .
Nothing at all. . . Nothing ever. . . .
Mr. Zuss, turning back, lifts the second mask beside the first: conventional Satan, swarthy, goat-bearded, but large as the God-mask: the eyes wrinkled with laughter like a clown's, the mouth drawn down in agonized disgust.
Never to have been. . . .
Mr. Zuss: That's it—
That's the—other.

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Nickles, staring at it, is silent.

You don't care for it?
It's not precisely the expression
Anyone would choose: I know that.
Evil is never very pretty—
Hatred—spitefulness. Nevertheless it's
Him: you'll grant that, won't you?—the traditional
Face we've always found for him anyway.
God knows where we go to find it:
Some subterranean memory possibly.

Nickles is silent.

Well, if you don't you don't. It's your
Option. I can't say I blame you.
I wouldn't do it. Fit my face to
That! I'd scrub the skin off afterwards.
Eyes to those eyes!

Nickles: *nastily* You needn't worry.
Your beaux yeux would never fit that
Look. . . .

Mr. Zuss: I know, I know.

Nickles: . . . of pity.
Let me have it.

He climbs to the platform, takes the mask in his hands, stares at it.

Evil you called it.
Look at those lips: they've tasted something
Bitter as a broth of blood
And spat it out. Was that evil?
Hatred, you said. Spiteful, you said.
You call that grin of anguish, spite?
I'd rather wear this look of loathing
Night after night than wear that other
Once: that cold complacence! Horrible!
Horrible as a star above
A burning, murdered, fallen city!
I'll play the part. Put your mask on.
Give me the lines.

Mr. Zuss: What lines?

Nickles: His—
Satan's.

Mr. Zuss: They're in the bible.

Nickles: Bible!
I'm supposed to know the bible?

They turn their backs to each other, put on their masks. The light bulbs go out. A strong light spots the platform throwing gigantic shadows up across the canvas. The masked figures turn toward each other and bow. Their voices when they speak are magnified and hollowed by the masks.

God: WHENCE COMEST THOU?

Satan: FROM GOING TO AND FRO IN THE EARTH
a snicker of laughter
AND FROM WALKING UP AND DOWN IN IT
a great guffaw

Mr. Zuss: *tearing off his mask* Lights!

The platform lights go out. The dangling bulbs come on.

Nobody told you to laugh like that.
What's so funny? It's irreverent. It's impudent.
After all, you are talking to God.
That doesn't happen every Thursday
Even to you with all your assurance.

Nickles takes his mask off slowly, almost painfully.

Nickles: Do I look as though I felt like laughing?
If you had seen what I have seen
You'd never laugh again—weep either.

Mr. Zuss: You roared. I heard you.

Nickles: Those eyes *see.*

Mr. Zuss: Of course they see. I warned you, didn't I?
Underneath the guestroom bed,
Back of the nightgown in the closet. . . .
Why should you laugh at that?

Nickles: It isn't
That. It isn't that at all.
What hell is it that walks the earth,
Up and down in it, to and fro in it?
Is consciousness of consciousness a hell?

Mr. Zuss: *Listen! This is a simple scene.*
I play God. You play Satan.
God is asking where you've been.
All you have to do is tell Him—
Simple as that. "In the earth," you answer.

Nickles: *Satan* answers.

Mr. Zuss: All right, Satan.
What's the difference?

Nickles: Satan *sees.*
He sees beneath the ragged plane-tree,
Through the window of the car,
Behind the radio with its rancid voices,
Deeper than those almost children
Struggling on that dirty seat,—
Every impossible delighted dream
They've ever had of loveliness, of wonder,
Spilled with her garters to the grimy floor.
Ridiculous agony! Absurd despair!

He turns his mask over in his hands.

What has any man to laugh at!
The panting crow by the dry tree
Drags dusty wings. God's mercy brings
The rains—but not to such as he.

Mr. Zuss: You play your part: I'll say that for you.
In it or out of it, you play.

Nickles: You really think I'm playing?

Mr. Zuss: Aren't you?
Somebody is—Satan maybe.
Maybe Satan's playing *you.*
Let's start from the beginning, shall we?

They lift their masks. The bulbs go out. In the darkness low but near a deep tremendous menacing voice:

WHENCE COMEST THOU

Mr. Zuss: That's my line.

Nickles: I didn't speak it.

Mr. Zuss: You did. My mask was in my hands.
Stop your mischief, won't you?

Nickles: Stop your
Own! Laughing! Shouting!

Mr. Zuss: Lights!

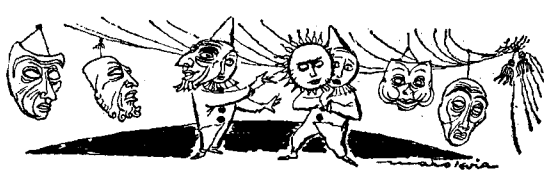
The platform lights come on throwing their huge shadows

God: WHENCE COMEST THOU?

Satan: FROM GOING TO AND FRO IN THE EARTH
silence
AND FROM WALKING UP AND DOWN IN IT.

God: HAST THOU CONSIDERED MY SERVANT JOB
THAT THERE IS NONE LIKE HIM ON THE EARTH,
A PERFECT AND AN UPRIGHT MAN,
ONE THAT FEARETH GOD AND ESCHEWETH EVIL?

The platform lights sink, the masked shadows fading with them. A strong light comes on below isolating the table. J. B. sits there with his wife and children.



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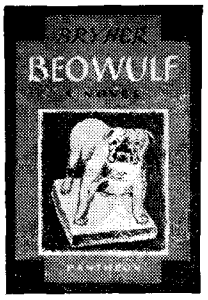

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"BEOWULF"

Author: Bryher

By MARIANNE MOORE

THE art of Winifred Macpherson, whose pen name is Bryher, is an archeology of the imagination, bringing to life circumstantially as fiction certain aspects of history. "The Fourteenth of October" reanimated the Battle of Hastings, "The Player's Boy" the Elizabethan stage, "Roman Wall" the days of Rome's crumbling empire.

Her new book "Beowulf" (Pantheon, $2.75) depicts the blackout, food-rationing, and prosaic-heroic life in London during the second World War. Miss Selina Tippett and Angelina, her partner, served teas. Angelina did the buying, although her heart was really with the courses that she was taking to improve, as he said, 'the future of us women'." She "had always been what the French called an amateur of meetings. It gave her such an illusion of travel to hurry off, sometimes before supper, to a hall in some unheard of suburb of London." With inapropos prowess, since the rent was yet unpaid, she returned one day with an almost life-size plaster bulldog whom she named "Beowulf"—prototype of the hero who slew Grendel, the dragon—bound "to triumph," as Caedmon tells us, "or in foe'sclutch fastened, all in battle."

Horatio Rashleigh, one of Selina's two lodgers, was a painter, whose hips had "made gay 'First Steps to History Part II,' a calendar, even a jigsaw puzzle." His phrase, "with Whitehall's permission" describes him, as he handed over his book for "the usual thing," a few ounces of tea. Unlike him, Colonel Ferguson "preferred to shop as expeditiously as possible . . . still fuming over yesterday's interview. . . . There were years of work in him still if he could only get a job. 'I don't understand, sir, why you returned to London,' the official had said. 'You have been domiciled abroad ever since you left India and you are well over military age.' Colonel Ferguson had not even troubled to reply, 'To offer my services'. . . . A piece of parachute silk fluttered from a branch near the circle of a new crater. . . . How pay the rent with all customers gone to the country? . . . Selina supposed she must restrict cakes, one to a customer," whereas "she felt that life ought to be generous, wildly generous. . . . She looked sadly at the meagre row; there was something stinted and miserly about it. It was not the bombs that distressed her, awful as the noise was, so much as the lack of loaded trays to make up for the horrors of the night. She hated ration cards, less because she wasted more food herself than because they were a symbol of some poverty of spirit. They reminded her of vegetarian teachers with cramped ideas. If Angelina would only eat more, she would be less restless and talk less strangely. How detestable the propaganda of the Food Ministry was, with the emphasis upon oatmeal and raw carrots; were they not fighting for an England of plenty, for that older England of sirloins of beef and mountains of cheddar cheese?"

She saw poor Mr. Rashleigh trotting up the street in his worn-out overcoat. "She was thankful that Angelina was not there to see him. 'That dreadful old man,' [Angelina] would say, rapping the desk with her pencil. 'But, Angelina, we can't turn him out, he has nowhere to go.' She dreaded seeing again the contemptuous shrug of her partner's shoulders. 'In a properly organized Britain there would be places for such people,' Angelina would say." During a raid she had no sooner compelled Mr. Rashleigh to leave his room and grope his way to the shelter than "half the sky seemed to explode. . . . The planes seemed at chimney level. . . . Occupants of the shelter and their Lido of beds and chairs had been flung like a trampled ant heap onto the floor." The tea shop had been hit by an incendiary bomb—"one of them centuries" as Ruby, the waitress, called them.

Like the Colonel's return, Bryher's work is always an offer of services. "Beowulf" is not only a close-up of war but a documentary of insights, of national temperament, of primness and patriotism, sarcasm and compassion, of hospitality and heroism, a miniaturama of all the folk who stood firm.

THE AUTHOR: To her readers the bright-eyed, boyish-bobbed literary lady depicted at the left is known bluntly as Bryher, just that. But to her friends she is known as Winifred Macpherson, wife of a literary Scotsman named Kenneth Macpherson (with whom she established an excellent silent film magazine called *Close Up* back in 1927), as a historian and archeologist by hobby, and as a lady of unbounded energy and amazing knowledge. Short, and usually bereted, Mrs. Bryher and/or Macpherson still scrambles at the age of sixty-two across streams in the blue-loched countryside of the Scilly Isles, from one of which she took her pen-name, gobbles up volumes on Celtic and Greek mythology (including Cumont, Frazer, Tarn, Franell, and thirty volumes of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*), and darts off to Greece, Egypt, Pakistan, or Turkey. To her friends, too, she is known as a writer—but in a somewhat different way from that in which her readers know her. For example: once back in Switzerland, where she makes her home, she settles down to write her novels in no ordinary way, doing fifth chapter first, then third chapter second, and, almost as an afterthought, the first chapter. "It doesn't bother me," says Bryher. "I see the book as a whole when I start." In odd moments she writes poetry and reads science fiction. To her friends' amusement she is a proud member of the Interplanetary Association. "After all," she says, "what is science fiction but a historical novel of the future. I must admit that I find science fiction, though often hackneyed, immensely interesting in its potentialities." Such literary eclecticism has always been typical of Bryher, for ever since her early literary days when she did reviews and articles for the British *Saturday Review* and was befriended by Havelock Ellis, who took a lively interest in her literary apprenticeship, she herself has been a friend to many kinds of writers in England, Europe, and America. Being a writer herself, however, she prefers the species individually, not *en masse*. Being a *true* writer, she is the last person in the world to allow herself to be seen at the literary cocktail parties.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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The Crowded Past

"The Tenement of Dreams," by Joseph W. Meagher *(Little, Brown. 304 pp. $3.75), is a charmingly old-fashioned novel about a decrepit building and its picturesque tenants in New York City of four decades ago.*

By Thomas Gallagher

JOSEPH W. MEAGHER has written a fine novel of 1915 New York, full of the city's bygone coincidence and loveliness, with a plot that opens and widens out like the curved horn of an old phonograph. A street accident, an old umbrella, a missing miserly landlady, an unproduced opera and a blind man who loves ragtime, a deformed poet and a listing ship of an old tenement—all figure in a nineteenth-century sort of way to bring "The Tenement of Dreams" to a most satisfactory, undangling close. For Mr. Meagher, a sweet maverick of a writer, is old-fashioned enough to use coincidence to bring about situations which in turn bring out character, gracing his pages the while with unafraid and therefore original metaphors and similes.

With his crowded attic of a mind Mr. Meagher might have been asleep since 1915 and just last year awakened, still young, to find the New York he knew and loved forgotten by all but him. "The Tenement of Dreams" is that ignorant of Hemingway, if not Dreiser, and that full of the "live blue loveliness" of gas jets in a tenement hallway. Unlike our most modern novels with their empty rooms where psyches consort, Mr. Meagher's book is full of noses, skin, paunches, mustaches, and heads of hair, with all the paraphernalia of the past thrown in—the acrobat acts and piano accompaniments to photoplays, the wicker pony-rigs and the motorman's stool at the helm of trolleys that he unscrews and brings to the other end when the trolley goes the other way, the music boxes and ivory cigarette holders, the red "Buddha-like glow" of potbellied stoves and the free-lunch-counter hams sticky with cloves, cherries, and brown sugar—exposed in all its wet fertility as the knife at the end of a tattooed arm slides through.

And forty-year sleeper that he is, waking to find himself forgotten and his friends and their intensities dead, Mr. Meagher sees the absurdity at the heart of all tragedy and, like Father Time himself, abides his characters' failures and disappointments without laughter or scorn—using their own kindness and their own cruelty, rather than his own, to fill the book. Indeed, the book's acceptance of life and people is so broad that it becomes a kind of lubricant between despair and hope, evil and good—helping life as it really is to go forward. Never morbid, full of humor and a kind of glee in the face of life's absurdities, it tells of odd dwellings and still odder dwellers without itself becoming odd. The listing old tenement, for example, where two eccentric old women and a "ragbag" of a man live, with stairs as "unsteady as a Jacob's ladder," a steady snow and seep of plaster, and beds that have to be lashed to the wall to prevent their sliding down the slanted floor and bunching up with the rest of the furniture, will always be remembered by this reviewer as a dry and powdery toast to old New York.

—Jacket design for "The Tenement of Dreams."

". . . A dry and powdery toast."

Finally, as with all good books, its major fault is imbedded in its virtues. What it lacks is that malignancy of vision that the most powerful books possess. Mr. Meagher, again like Father Time, is neither here nor deeply troubled by now. "The great are impelled blindly towards fame," someone says near the close of this book, "not for its own sake but because it is a palliative, a salve for some ghastly inner wound." One gets the sense that Mr. Meagher either has no ghastly inner wound or has completely conquered it. If this be more praise than blame, let the reader make the most of it.

At any rate, no one interested in New York City as it was and is becoming, will want to miss this book, which belongs on the same shelf with the New York novels of Dawn Powell, thinly separated perhaps by Alfred Kazin's "A Walker in the City."

To Seek God's Grace

"The Eighth Day," by Robert C. Goldston *(Rinehart. 345 pp. $3.59), in describing the pilgrimage of an oddly assorted group to a monastery in Provence, inquires into the war between good and evil.*

By Edmund Fuller

NO WORD less than "extraordinary" will do for appraising Robert C. Goldston's first novel, "The Eighth Day." Genuinely exciting both in boldness of conception and in execution, the book is apt to inspire strong feelings pro or con. I, for one, like it and will not soon forget it.

Mr. Goldston's central theme is that perennial and great one, the war between good and evil, including the occasional difficulty in distinguishing one from the other, and also the unpredictability of the grace of God in terms of the vessels through which it works.

In considering the acts of God we often overlook His capacity to use such instrumentalities as He will. "What an impossibly strange instrument!" is remarked of the insane murderer who has been a crucial actor in this book. "And yet, if we had the artist's viewpoint we would see it whole. We shall never have that viewpoint."

"How does it feel to have been used?" an attorney asks at the end of the fantastic events that have marked this story. Thus, in the shaping of human actions into patterns of which the actors are unaware, we

Robert Goldston—"shaping . . . actions."

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find another of the multiple themes of this novel.

Mr. Goldston offers us a group of people on an odd pilgrimage to a monastery in Provence and shows us how their diverse lives are altered by a sequence of events.

The pilgrims are Joseph Gary, an American priest, concealing something he had not intended to conceal; Claude Bruillard, a crippled ballet dancer, and the aging French Countess who supports him; the tubercular American writer Paul Carruth and his wife, who scarcely know their motives; and Benine, a leper who has escaped from a Pacific isle. They have come to see the one-eyed, humble Brother André, who lives in a hut by the monastery wall and is reputed a saint and a healer. There is another key personage, the carnival magician Lefevre, cryptic and puzzling in both his nature and his role. Brother Xavier is another complex character.

Who among us is good and who evil? Mr. Goldston explores this, and all his other concerns, with a fine gift for story spinning. A writer deeply preoccupied with religion, he sees the life of man in both a natural and supernatural order. His juxtapositions are fascinating—the demonic and diabolic beside the psychosomatic and psychoanalytic. Dreams are used effectively in somewhat Dostoevskyan fashion.

In style some will find the book lush. But if Goldston overwrites, this and other possible defects are slight by comparison with the freshness, vigor, and depth of his narrative powers and insights into the behavior of people. An unusual novelist has made his bow.

—*Larry KaFero.*

Laura Beheler—"Her people come alive."

The Girl Who Never Grew Up

"The Paper Dolls," by Laura Beheler *(Houghton Mifflin. 218 pp. $3), is a first novel about a badly confused young woman, during her childhood in the Midwest and during her nubile years in New York.*

By Rosemary Carr Benét

LAURA BEHELER has taken one of the most innocuous pastimes of childhood—playing with paper dolls—and thrown on it a sinister light that evokes morbidity and fright. "The Paper Dolls," her first novel, is promising work, even though like so many modern studies it reads like a case-history in a psychiatrist's notebook.

Ida Erickson was a strange little girl and she grew up to be an even stranger adult. In fact, as several people point out to her, she never really grew up at all. She was a disturbed personality, or as young people currently would put it, "mixed-up-crazy." When Ida was little she retreated into a world of her own by way of her Universal Theme and Composition Book and her paper dolls. They were not like other paper dolls; they were personalities—rich, aristocratic Sands Chutney and brave, "very educated" Agnes Eaves. Ida's parents, Ella and William, quarreled and separated. When this problem touched her, she met it by going into a little world of her own, "a little unloving, unrealistic, make-believe world." The normal adjustments in school, which at first she liked, were solved in the same way. One pleasant association was clarinet-playing Uncle Johnny Mehaffey, who gave her a taste for jazz, but he disappeared.

We leave Ida in her teens and meet her again in her twenties when her problems too have grown. Her vague dreams of romantic careers involving travel in Africa or owning a night club are gone and she has settled for the more realistic job of clerk-typist and, later, receptionist at a hotel. This takes her from her home to New York and provides her with a new set of problems. Ida cannot, as Mr. Yeats advises, take "love easy as the leaves grow on the tree." Nor life easy, either. She is full of guilt feelings and "pleasure-pain." She has a mother complex of a sort and she has no "pegs" to hang all those fuzzy, worrisome feelings on." Two men struggle to straighten her out, a painful process, particularly for Allan Brady who tries to get her to make up her mind to marry him. "Desire and shame gnawed at her like matched and ravenous beasts." She is still haunted in all crises by Sands and Agnes, the paper dolls, and by long-lost Uncle Johnny Mehaffey. The reader finally agrees with Wally Safferman, an intellectual and an amateur psychologist, who calls her a "selfish, aging child" and tells her she is afraid to grow up, and that she is her own prisoner. She is "as ego-shackled as a child. . . . You can't just play-like all your life."

WHAT I liked about Miss Beheler's story was not so much its tracing of a neurotic pattern from a hypersensitive, timid, resentful child into an equally distraught grownup (however true this may be), but the vigor and freshness of its background. Miss Beheler *remembers* well what childhood is like. The long summer days, as they seem at age fourteen. The dull things grown-ups say to children (no-talk, Ida called it). Life in a small town. School work. The seasons, particularly summertime, which Ida and the author both love. Neighborhood gossips. Work in New York. These are all vividly and accurately described and re-created. Her people come alive. This gives freshness and vigor to her story and redeems what would otherwise be an overdose of morbidity. Miss Beheler's first novel is not a pleasant tale, but it has a good deal of power. It is hard to forget self-torturing Ida and her paper dolls.

WOMAN ALCOHOLIC: Rosalind Wade's **"Come Fill the Cup"** (Pantheon, $3.75) is a play-by-play account of a woman's painful descent from a position of wealth and security down to the level of the street, and her eventual salvation. Hester Revell is a young Englishwoman whose husband has left her. She lives in her memories, brooding over her broken marriage. Her happiness is sublimated in her son; his holidays home from boarding school are the focus around which her otherwise aimless life is planned; when she turns a Christmas vacation into a nightmare for the boy she and

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Turmoil in the South

***"Segregation," by Robert Penn Warren** (Random House. 66 pp. $1.95), is an examination, by the Southern-bred Pulitzer Prize novelist, of the South's feelings on one of the crucial problems of our time. Our reviewer is Mark Ethridge, Jr., editor of the* Raleigh *(N.C.)* Times.

By Mark Ethridge, Jr.

SINCE the Supreme Court's decision twenty-seven months ago untold millions of words have been written about segregation in the South. Major magazines have acted as clearing houses of opinion. A plague of Northern journalists tours the South like Methodist circuit riders, pouring out copy by the column for home consumption.

Yet despite this torrent of words a major part of the picture has been largely overlooked. The facts of segregation and desegregation have been covered, but few if any writers have sought to explain to the rest of the nation the whys of this mid-century Southern turmoil. The depth of Southern convictions, the rationalizations and irrationalizations, the blind and bitter hatreds, and the profound helplessness of people caught in a web not of their own choosing and not entirely of their own making have been ignored in the attempt to categorize the South in terms of black and white.

It is just these whys that Robert Penn Warren examines in his short but sensitive and uncluttered book "Segregation." He has set down in interviews with Southerners of all colors and conceptions the first really comprehensive portrait of the racially torn South of 1956.

Warren is well qualified to write on this subject. He is a native Kentuckian and a raised Tennesseean. He went to school at Vanderbilt, taught at Southwestern, Vanderbilt, and Louisiana State. He has lived in the North long enough to view the South objectively but, as he has demonstrated in earlier books, the South has lived in him long enough for him to view it compassionately.

The book's title is a misnomer. The subject is really about prejudice, which knows no time and no locale. The conflict of the moment, as Warren points out in a unique interview with himself at the end of the book, is only a manifestation of the age-old failure of people to achieve perfect justice. The rigors of the South are typical of the reaction when society sets out to correct a long-standing flaw.

Warren puts it this way:

> We have to deal with the problem our historical moment proposes, the burden of our time. We all live with a thousand unsolved problems of justice all the time. We don't even recognize a lot of them. We have to deal only with those which the moment proposes to us. Anyway, we can't legislate for posterity. All we can do for posterity is to try to plug along in a way to make them think we—the old folks—did the best we could for justice, as we could understand it.

This book is not an apology for the South. Warren does not attempt to excuse Southern prejudice or Southern failures. But he does try to explain it through the words of people in the South. He has talked to a Southern Negro woman whose husband was killed by white men, to college students, to leaders of the NAACP and the Citizens' Council, to lawyers, plantation owners, preachers, and to the inevitable taxi drivers all interviewers talk to. He heard and reports their explanations for why integration is easier to say than to accomplish. "Pridefulness, money, level of intelligence, race, God's will, filth and disease, power, hate, contempt, legality" are words he quotes. And there's another one, which he calls piety and Hamilton Basso, in "The View from Pompey's Head," called Southern shintoism. This one is ancestor worship or respect for tradition, however you want to put it.

—*Phyllis Cerf.*

R. P. Warren—"...sensitive and uncluttered."

But this book is also more than an explanation of the whys. It is an insight into people themselves caught in a storm they can neither conquer nor fully comprehend. Warren shows the conflict among Southern people themselves is not just a division of man against man, but of man against himself. The inner conflict is one of respect for law fighting against tradition, of human decency against inborn prejudice, or long-view economics against personal profits by exploitation. In some areas of the South and in some people resolution came easy. Those who favored integration from the first resolved it quickly. So did Jimmy Byrnes and the South Carolina legislature. To those in the middle resolution comes harder, and the conflict is extremely personal. "I feel it's all happening inside of me, every bit of it," a girl from Mississippi told Warren.

Or, as a junk dealer put it:

> Somebody ought to tell 'em not to blame no state, not even Alabam' or Mississippi, for what the bad folks do. Like stuff in New York or Chicago. Folks in Mississippi got good hearts as any place. They always been nice and good-hearted to me, for I go up to a man affable. The folks down here is just in trouble and can't claw out. Don't blame 'em, got good hearts but can't claw out of their trouble. It is hard to claw out from under the past and the past way.

It is indeed hard to claw out, and Warren does not pretend to know exactly how or when it will happen. It is a moral problem, but it must be solved concretely. It will take mutual education and mutual respect.

But Warren does offer hope. If the South, he says, can now face up to itself and its situation it may achieve moral identity. "Then in a country where moral identity is hard to come by, the South, because it has had to deal concretely with a moral problem, may offer some leadership." And because segregation is not really much different from Yankee Phariseeism, from smugness without justification, we as a nation need all the leadership we can get.

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Academic Adjudicator

"Of Law and Men," by Felix Frankfurter *(Harcourt, Brace. 364 pp. $6.75), is a collection of papers and addresses by the U. S. Supreme Court justice. As is obvious from what follows, our reviewer, Fred Rodell, professor of law at Yale, has long been a student of the justice's prose.*

By Fred Rodell

IT IS NOT that one need concur, even *dubitante*—if a judicialism may be forgiven one unsubject, in Mr. Justice Frankfurter's felicitous phrase, to "confining judicial curtilage"—with the aphoristic adjuration *de senectutis nil nisi bonum*. It is rather that one can aspire but gropingly toward adequately appreciative admeasurement of him who has exceeded by a triennium the Psalmist's allotted span. (Ps. 90:10.) Hence, ventured is it here with humility that, immanent in this discrete yet compendious cumulus of bits and orts whose insigne is their engarniture with prosodic grace, can be apprehended the abiding spirit of the academician turned adjudicator.

To extrapolate about transmigration from a curricular to a curial career would be meretricious in the extreme. General propositions—the perdurant dictum is Holmes's—do not decide concrete cases. But surely it is not unmeet to quote to the crux Mr. Justice Frankfurter, *lui-même* and luminous: "The task [of the academician] is admeasurement of judicial conclusions according to intrinsic coherence, to harmony with professed criteria, to consistency with invoked precedents and regard for relevant but unmentioned and unrejected precedents." (Frankfurter, "Of Law and Men," p. 259.) *Per contra*, the "adjudicatory process" (*ibid, passim*) is so adumbrated by a penumbra of personal "agony" (*ibid*, p. 43) and "anguish" (*ibid*, p. 156) that: "Few speculations are more treacherous than diagnosis of motives or genetic explanations of the position taken by judges in Supreme Court decisions" (*ibid*, p. 212). Tribute is it indeed to the lambency of Mr. Justice Frankfurter's literary gifts that any similitude to contrapuntal inconsistence is dissipated in the almebic of his ambulant style.

Out of the crucible of juridical agony and anguish Mr. Justice Frankfurter has fabricated an adoptive philosophy not inconsonant with his quondam contemplativity as pedagogical non-participant in the judicial process. This philosophy, this cogital concatenation, exalts the act—or non-act—of adjudicatory auto-abnegation and correspondingly contemns as mischievous any contrary concept which would inspirit undue and so undignifying decisional initiative by judges. If such disseverance of adjudicatory duty from all matters but the ineluctable may relegate the incarnation of constitutional rights to a multiplex of haphazard hands—and this is the gravamen of some querulous disquietude with the Frankfurterian philosophy—the rigors of jurisprudential logic nonetheless demand, for him, totality of circumambience. To be sure, it is rather by implicit interlineation than by seriatim statement that this rubric irradiates the admirable admixture of oratory, obituary, and miscellany here under review. But as Holmes admonished, in not wholly inapposite context (and, parenthetically, Mr. Justice Frankfurter has been Holmes's most ubiquitous hagiographer): "Their significance . . . is to be gathered not simply by taking the words and a dictionary . . ." (*Gompers v. United States*, 233 U.S. 604 at 610.)

—*Sylvia Salmi.*

Frankfurter—". . . ambulant style."

ALTHOUGH its appeal be, *primus*, to the ovoid-cranial, none save the intellectually otiose can fail to find diversion in this synoptic and self-revelatory volume. And although uniquity doth defy analogue not ungermane are St. Matthew's *mots justes*: "By their fruits ye shall know them." (Mat. 5:20.) Full-packaged in the finitude of these pages is the phantasmagoric fructification of Mr. Justice Frankfurter.

Lean Days for Ideas

"American Paradox: The Conflict of Thought and Action," by Merle Curti *(Rutgers University Press. 116 pp. $2.75), is an inquiry into the causes of the current wave of anti-intellectualism in the United States. Bruce Bliven, author of "The Men Who Make the Future," is our reviewer.*

By Bruce Bliven

MERLE CURTI'S thoughtful little book "American Paradox: The Conflict of Thought and Action" is an attempt to explain and in some degree to counteract the current wave of anti-intellectualism in America. That such a wave exists no newspaper reader can be unaware. For a few random bits of evidence: In the 1952 campaign Adlai Stevenson was called an "egghead," and political experts believe that the appellation did him much more harm than good. Not long ago President Eisenhower (himself closer to the intellectuals than he pretends) described one scornfully as "a person who takes more words than are necessary to say more than he knows." *Time* magazine in recent years has repeatedly discussed what it considers the sorry state of the intellectual in long, sad articles deploring the fact that members of this tribe insist on criticizing and complaining instead of glorying in the wonderful civilization that we have here.

Professor Curti finds several historical reasons for the schism between men of thought and men of action. Frontier life, with its emphasis on doing things promptly instead of sitting down to think about them, was potent in creating an anti-intellectual climate. So was the commercialism of our cities in the era of expansion, when "culture" was left to the women and thereby acquired womanish overtones. Religious dogmatism, of course, is and always has been the enemy of the free, inquiring mind.

Marx, Darwin, and Freud all in various ways, Curti thinks, belittle the force of reason as a dominant factor in human affairs. And, finally, all intellectuals today are condemned because in the past forty years some of them—probably only a tiny minority of their total number—flirted with radical doctrines that are unpopular in the era of the Cold War.

All this seems to Curti to be a pity, for various reasons. One of these is that in every time of real national

(*Continued on page* 31)

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PRIVATE LIVES MAKE LIVELY READING

Five Women (and One Man) Yield to That Impulse to Write About Their Marriages and Childhoods with Results That Are Generally Happy

MATRON ABROAD: Sooner or later every housewife with literary ambitions who has been transplanted to one or more foreign countries gets around to writing a book about her entanglements with the native folkways. The latest of these crisis-ridden tales is **"From Pillar to Post"** (Knopf, $3.75), a series of reminiscences by Anne Sinclair Mehdevi, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. To her credit, Mrs. Mehdevi has had some out-of-the-way experiences to recall in writing, some of which she shared with her Persian husband, Mohamed, whose background she chronicled in an earlier volume. In her new book Mohamed motivates a great deal of the hilarity by bringing home his stubbornly unadaptable cousin, Madame Shamsi, to visit for an indefinite period, by feeding brandy to some overbearing police in Majorca (because he enjoyed hearing them talk), and by moving his family endlessly from country to country. In Mexico Mrs. Mehdevi herself in order to get her residence permit renewed played a cat-and-mouse game of bribery with an immigration official who kept scorpions; in Vienna she accidentally wandered with her three-year-old son into what was, at that time, the Russian-occupied zone; and in Majorca she battled with a cistern that was filled with sparrows' nests and a bird skeleton. When all is said and done, however, one feels as if Mrs. Mehdevi were milking her marriage and her travels for all—and possibly more—than they are worth because, unfortunately, her tales tend to be formula pieces. As a result one has the uneasy feeling that they looked better as short pieces in a magazine than they do as a long series in a longish book. —E. P. Monroe.

NEW YORKERS IN MEXICO: In Manhattan, Elisabeth Keiffer and her artist husband, Ed, were a harassed young working couple with a five-month-old son who were living beyond their income. So they moved to Cuautla, a "two-movie-house" town within commuting distance, by taxi, from Mexico City. There they found that Ed had the leisure to paint and that prices were infinitely cheaper (with the exception of the case of Veuve Cliquot they wanted to buy for their Christmas dinner). But they remained a harassed young couple and, what was worse, they were soon managing to live beyond their income again. The details of these harassments have been recorded by Mrs. Keiffer in **"Year in the Sun"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), a light-hearted picture of Mexico beneath the serape and a rather refreshing switch on the grim, often forced "How we bought a printing press in Wyoming we didn't know how to operate" series. Not that there weren't genuine frustrations, for although the Keiffers were delighted to see iguanas in their garden they were appalled to find their son's dwindling supply of diapers blandly paraded in front of them by their servant's children. In the end the frustrations won out and they retreated to the more familiar tensions of New York. For, as Mrs. Keiffer candidly admits, thereby giving a depth uncommon to such books: "eternal sunshine, beautiful surroundings, and boundless leisure are not enough. To live happily in a place, I think, the place must have some connection with the pattern of your life." For the Keiffers Mexico didn't. —E. P. M.

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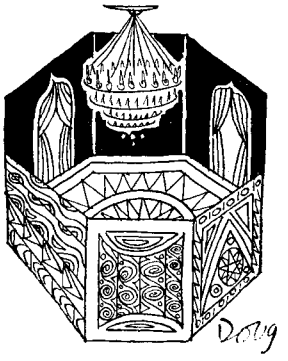
YANKEE BAD BOY: Roger Eddy, who tells the story of his country in **"The Bulls and the Bees"** (Crowell, $3), did not let the pastoral simplicity of a Connecticut farm stunt his tendencies toward self-expression. Mr. Eddy's account of how he planned a violent end for an unwelcome playmate, cheated at dice, ruined his headmaster's garden (by a diabolically clever tactic), and threw the big football game (for humanitarian reasons) proves that a really strong character cannot be weakened by wholesome surroundings. Besides making these forays into crime young Eddy collected stock certificates, discovered girls, and accumulated odd bits of wisdom imparted by his father, a New Haven stockbroker whose lore was fragmentary on all subjects save that of making money. But on his specialty Eddy senior is so eminently sound that his advice is worth pondering thoughtfully by all youth at life's crossroads. All of these juvenile influences are pleasantly detailed by Mr. Eddy in a generally entertaining memoir —MARTIN LEVIN.



MEMORIES OF PARNASSUS: In **"The Octagonal Heart"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) Ariadne Thompson introduces us to her Americanized Greek cousins, intriguingly named Aphrodite, Achilles, Demosthenes, Pericles, Aristotle, and Artemis. They all grew up during the early years of this century in a St. Louis suburb in a fabulous house called "Parnassus," built in the form of a Greek cross, the four wings of which were enclosed in an octagonal shape as was the huge center hall, the very heart of the house, four stories high with a magnificent crystal chandelier hanging from the cupola. Heads of the clan were Grandfather, the first Greek Orthodox bishop ordained in America, and Uncle Demetrius, a man of wealth and position and devout religious faith, who taught the children how to enjoy their fortunate life with spirit and laughter. Of course, there were frequent clashes of temperament and culture to enliven things for the younger children, as when beautiful Aphrodite insisted on studying to be a doctor instead of concentrating on finding a Greek husband, or when terrible-tempered tiny Ma-Ma, Ariadne's paternal grandmother, would throw a tantrum at some American custom she considered barbaric. But gradually the family learned how to compromise and gained the better part of both the old and new worlds. In this well-designed and illustrated memoir Miss Thompson evokes a truly magical past time and place by paying unusual and moving tribute to a house and family, for Parnassus exists no more except in the memory of the heart. —DOROTHY MANDEL.

BUSY WOMAN: There is something about a woman with six children who is able to be mistress of a large farm and a daily radio program all at the same time that inspires admiration, envy, and even resentment on the part of everyday kitchen-prisoners. In **"Call Me Mother"** (Dodd, Mead, $3.50) Virginia Taylor Klose relates how she does it with such ingratiating warmth that she overcomes any reluctance to like her personally. She tells of early years in a convent school where graduation found her still praying for an eligible man, then of a frighteningly big, garishly-trimmed family wedding to radio program-director Woody, and of various run-ins with radio and television sponsors interrupted by six dates with the obstetrician. After sojourns cross-country and in Canada the family finally ensconced itself on a man-and-a-half farm (Virginia was the unwilling half until hired-hand Elmer came along), with 453 bats in the attic, assorted Dutchess County characters, and hungry weekend guests to keep life from getting dull. We leave Mrs. Klose coping simultaneously with the problems of a Harvard junior, a teen-aged "bachelor" who monopolizes the family telephone, and a six-year-old young lady in the first grade. Mircea Vasiliu contributes appropriate lighthearted line illustrations to this often hilarious and always enjoyable tale of a veritable superwoman—an unusual American Mom. —D. M.

FRONTIER WIFE: Today Seigniora Russell Laune is an eighty-year-old grandmother, but in **"Sand in My Eyes"** (Lippincott, $3.50) she is remembering back to 1896 when she came to the Southwest frontier as "Nonie" Laune, young wife of Sidney Laune, an energetic, determined lawyer and a man of many interests. Nonie had her hands full bringing up a daughter and two sons in the small house where Mr. Laune's proud new possession, a bathtub complete with water-tank, gasoline tank, and burner, had to stand upright in the living room until they could build a separate room for it. There were all sorts of problems, from breaking in a new team of horses named Dixie and Yankee to driving a herd of tough longhorn cattle out to pasture. Then came participation in the many civic organizations which eased the growing pains of the very new town of Woodward in the Oklahoma Territory. Various business ventures, stints as prosecuting attorney for Mr. Laune, the usual storms and blizzards, and homesickness for the prairie years of Nonie's girlhood—all brought excitement and change to the Laune household. Crammed with period detail and enhanced by fine line drawings by her artist-son Paul, Mrs. Laune's remembrances are limned with dry humor and high frontier spirits. —D. M.

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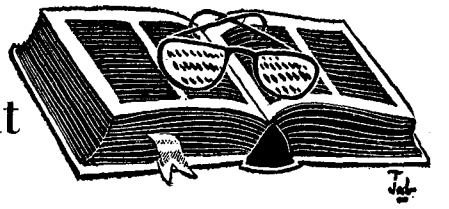
Toynbee and the Human Spirit



"The Professor and the Fossil," by Maurice Samuel *(Alfred A. Knopf. 268 pp. $4) and* ***"An Historian's Approach to Religion," by Arnold Toynbee*** *(Oxford University Press. 328 pp. $5), both deal with the interpretation of history developed in Professor Toynbee's famous "Study of History." The first is an attack by a Jewish scholar for what he calls Toynbee's anti-Semitism, the latter is a further development by the English scholar of the religious aspects of his thesis. Our reviewer is Philip Lee Ralph of Lake Erie College, author of "The Story of Our Civilization."*

By Philip Lee Ralph

ARNOLD TOYNBEE'S "A Study of History" will probably provoke debate, in learned circles at least, for some time to come. Because the "Study" deals extensively with the role of religion in civilizations it is not surprising that some of Dr. Toynbee's pronouncements in this field have been challenged. A counter-blast from the quarter of orthodox Christianity, by Douglas Jerrold, was published under the bristling title "The Lie About the West" in 1954, the same year in which the last four of the ten volumes of Toynbee's "Study" appeared. Now the "Study" has been attacked on the ground of anti-Semitism by a distinguished Jewish scholar and author who is well equipped for his task.

Roumanian born, English educated and widely traveled, Maurice Samuel has written several significant books on Jewish themes. He writes as a Jew, frankly and proudly, though never arrogantly, and what he has to say is definitely worth hearing by Jews and non-Jews alike. The title of his latest book is inspired by Toynbee's classification, in "A Study of History," of latter-day Judaism as "a fossil relic of a dead civilization." Such a definition was bound to set sparks flying. An address delivered in 1955 by Abba Eban, Ambassador of Israel to the United States, and published by the Israel Office of Information ("The Toynbee Heresy"), foreshadowed much of the argument which Mr. Samuel develops cogently.

A book written to attack another book has certain inherent limitations. For the most part Mr. Samuel has managed to clothe his deep indignation in temperate language, although he does accuse Toynbee of "implacable hostility" and "demonological anti-Semitism" and indulges in one gratuitous sneer at the inferiority of Toynbee's style to that of Gibbon. But aside from polemics Mr. Samuel has made a positive contribution to the better understanding of Judaism. He is warm, penetrating, and humane. He inquires searchingly into the nature of the Jewish people, sees promise in their identification of an ethos with historic mission, and urges them not to relinquish their unique source in an eagerness for assimilation. In combatting the "fossil" thesis Mr. Samuel shows that Diaspora Jewry in medieval times—in the face of recurrent persecution and economic adversity—cultivated spiritual values, developed the Yiddish language with its remarkable literature, and exhibited other proofs of creative vitality.

IT IS impossible to affix a flat yes or no to Toynbee's overall interpretation of the history of Judaism. Samuel notes, somewhat grudgingly, a softening of tone in the last four volumes of the "Study," in spite of the fact that Toynbee equates the Jews' treatment of Arabs in Palestine with the Nazi persecution of German Jews—a gross and inexcusable distortion, as Samuel rightly points out. In his latest book, "An Historian's Approach to Religion," Toynbee has dropped the epithet "fossil," but he still regards Judaism as archaic, a transplanted "Canaanite civilization," bound by ritualism which is a form of Man-worship proved to be "a bad religion." In the broad view Toynbee does recognize the great religious debt of the Western world to the Jews, and he frequently refers to Judaism as the parent—for better and for worse—of both Christianity and Islam. But he excludes Judaism from the highest rank of the "higher religions" (Islam and Zoroastrianism also fail to make it) because of the Jews' rejection of the doctrine of incarnation.

—*Philippe Halsman.*

Arnold Toynbee—". . . sets sparks flying."

"An Historian's Approach to Religion" is based on the Gifford Lectures which Dr. Toynbee delivered at Edinburgh in 1952 and 1953. His aim, he explains, is not to describe his personal religion but the "glimpse of the Universe" arrived at by "following the historian's professional path." His conclusions, however, are unmistakably molded by the Toynbeesque view of history.

Drawing material from his *magnum opus* Dr. Toynbee sketches the early stages of religious evolution—Nature-worship, Man-worship, and, with the breakup of ecumenical empires or world-states, "the epiphany of the higher religions." Unfortunately, as he reminds us again, the higher religions, diverted to mundane purposes, have been unable to prevent the revival in modern times of old forms of idolatry, of which parochialism (modern nationalism) is the most vicious. The greatest revolution in all Western history to date, Dr. Toynbee says, took place in the seventeenth century, when religion was abandoned for science and technology. The subsequent deconsecration of Western civilization created a spiritual vacuum, which secular ideologies, state worship, and the idolization of technology have rushed in to fill.

Toynbee's work is a curious blend of historical judiciousness, detachment, and dogmatic assertion. He probes patiently and scrupulously, weighing one factor against another; but frequently he interjects such a bald dictum as: "In its worse and its

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›etter varieties alike the state is the ıemesis of Original Sin." He is gener-›us with the term "Original Sin," vhich seems to cover almost every urn in human affairs that Dr. Toyn-›ee disapproves of. He draws hairline listinctions, particularly when dealing vith ancient and relatively obscure ›eoples; then again he will throw verything together in one reckless weep, *e.g.*, "the whole Judaic group f ideologies and religions—Commu-.ism, Liberalism, Christianity, Islam, nd their parent Judaism itself—on he one hand" (a sizable handful). His ›assion for reducing his subject mat-er to abstractions provides him with he opportunity and the temptation to ıove the abstract pieces around in any .irection he chooses. Nevertheless, vith effort the general framework of hought in the "Approach to Religion" an be discerned as clear and coherent. ınd insofar as he has modified his iews since the "Study of History" he as embraced what seems to this eader to be a deeper pessimism.

This is not to say that Toynbee's eligion is pessimistic in itself. There s no hedging in his delineation of eligious truths as he apprehends hem, or in his candid attempt to dis-inguish between essentials and non-ssential accretions, to which he de-otes an entire chapter. He believes ıat God, the Supreme Reality, is ›ove, that Love entails Suffering (the ntithesis of Power), that Suffering ıeans swimming against the current f self-centeredness but with the main urrent of the Universe, of which ‹od is the true center. He finds that 'hristianity and Mahayana Buddhism ome closest to the idea, but he rejects ıe claim of *any* religion to uniqueness r finality. His affirmation of faith, vhile bringing small comfort to ortho-ox sectarians, should evoke a sympa-ıetic response among religious liber-ls and cosmopolitan humanitarians. ›ut he offers no clue as to how this ssential religion can help us out of r through the grim realities that he ›es enveloping us inexorably.

Dr. Toynbee predicts that we are ıoving toward another ecumenical mpire—not by way of the U.N. but robably through the creation of a ıperstate, perhaps by force. This ıust entail, by his own account, the ·iumph of an invidious and discred-ed form of Man-worship, the collec-ve variety with accent on power. ·et, finding it close at hand, he shrinks ·om admitting its horror. In this ook his summary of the struggle etween the early Christians and the .oman state is strangely inconclusive. le has a word of sympathy for the ersecuting authorities. He suggests ıat although there was a real conflict "in principle" between the Church and the Empire it was not impossible to work out an accommodation in practice. At the same time he admires the Christian martyrs and notes the possibility that in our day, or soon, "martyrdom may come to be the only way in which it will still be open to men and women to offer their lives up." (May God give us strength!)

Even short of the establishment of a totalitarian superstate, Toynbee observes that the area of freedom is steadily narrowing. The twentieth-century demands for security, social justice, and a higher standard of living will necessitate increased regimentation, and freedom is "likely to be restricted to an unprecedented degree." For centuries the intellectual freedom of the scientist has been one of the richest prizes of Western culture. Now that science has uncovered limitless potentialities in the instruments of war, governments are bringing it under control and shackling the scientist. The idol of technology is beginning to totter in the eyes of the populace. With increasing restrictions in the fields of politics, economics, domestic life, and even science and the intellect, where will there be room for the human spirit? In religion?

> If the non-human sciences now lose their temporary freedom of investigation and consequently fall again under an eclipse perhaps there will be a concentration of interest and energy on the human sciences. And, then, when Man's mind has reached the limits of the scientific study of human affairs, perhaps this chastening intellectual experience may reopen an avenue leading to Religion along a new line of approach which, if humbler, will be spiritually more promising.

INSTEAD of projecting religion into the center of the arena Dr. Toynbee's prognostication assigns it to a niche in the corner. He argues that men will be able to seek spiritual freedom in religion because governments ("the despots") no longer see a threat to their power from that quarter. Religion is safe because it is harmless—"as harmless as Technology had seemed 300 years back." This is not intentional irony. He casts about for precedents to show that world-states have found it possible to allow freedom of religion in the past, and he hopes they (or it) will be wise enough to do so in the future. But what meaning will such a freedom have if it is divorced from every effective channel of thought and action? And how can a higher religion perform its mission to humanity unless it challenges habits, trends, and institutions? He pleads eloquently for religious toleration, but the plea seems hardly necessary if religion is to have its fangs pulled and settle back into polite discussions of the relative merits of Hinayana and Mahayana Buddhism. In his concluding remarks Dr. Toynbee appears to have forgotten the stirring passages of his "Study" in

(*Continued on page* 33)

THE CRITICS AND PROFESSOR TOYNBEE: The century in which we live can disclose few if any more astonishing feats of the human mind than Arnold Toynbee's "A Study of History." Conceived in 1920, the writing of it occupied the author (with wartime interruptions) for twenty-seven years, the product has now reached the somewhat alarming total of 3,150,000 words on 6,290 pages in ten volumes, and at least two more volumes are promised for the future. The industry and erudition of the man whose name is fixed to this achievement have won almost universal acclaim, and the one-volume abridgment of the first six volumes, which appeared in 1947, had a sale of almost 300,000 copies.

Size, however, is seldom a philosophic virtue, and statistics like these have nothing to do with the merit of the enterprise. What does it all portend? To this question various answers have been given. Those who have read only the popular reviews might be surprised to learn that not all of the answers have been favorable. Indeed, scholars in general and historians in particular have reacted with a great deal of negative and sometimes even hostile criticism.

Some of the best of this criticism has been reproduced in **"Toynbee and History,"** edited by M. F. Ashley Montagu (Porter Sargent, $5), a collection of thirty essays and reviews, all but one of which appeared originally in learned and other periodicals, in English and other languages. The professors and publicists who wrote them include, among others, Ernest Barker, George Catlin, Christopher Dawson, Abba Eban, Pieter Geyl, Hans Kohn, Lewis Mumford, Pitirim Sorokin, and Hugh Trevor-Roper. The interested reader will almost surely be intrigued by the fact that, however much they admire Toynbee's polyhistoric talents, few of these writers are willing to concede the rectitude of his methods or the cogency of his theses. —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

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—By Clare Leighton, from "Where Land Meets Sea" (Rinehart).

". . . the bell buoy talked . . . the sou'west wind nickered . . ."

Isle Off Rhode Island

"Three Sides to the Sea," by David Patten *(Rinehart. 243 pp. $3.50) is a Providence newspaperman's recollections of his childhood on the island of S'cunnet. Henry Beetle Hough, our reviewer, is the editor of* The Vineyard Gazette *of Edgartown, Mass.*

By Henry Beetle Hough

IN RHODE ISLAND lies the flat black land of S'cunnet, to strangers and geographers Sekonnet, open on three sides to the sea. When David Patten was a small boy he went for the first time to stay with his grandfather, who had bred and named the imperishable Rhode Island Reds on the biggest poultry farm in the country. The bell buoy talked, the corn came out of the night sweating with fog, the little steamer *Queen City* tooted for her landings, the sou'west wind nickered, and the small boy was never to forget a sight or a sound of the happy days he spent there.

Now, after a long newspaper career with *The Providence Journal,* from which he retired as managing editor in 1953, David Patten looks back across half a century and writes with discriminating tenderness a memoir of his childhood and of a time in the history of New England. It is a fine, evocative memoir.

The boy David met Mamie d'Azevada; he was to feel their lips meet under a whirling of hay, and there was to be a time when he, a born New Englander, could not enter into her Western Island exuberance and dance with her to the hand-organ music. She danced alone, "her skirt up to her knees and whirling and swaying and tossing." And David met Olga McFadden, who could not easily be disciplined to domestic service. He rode on the egg wagon, observed the oldsters of his own family, original New Englanders, and listened to their talk.

Those were days when the old stock, as they called it, was dwindling and getting ready to die out. From the Western Islands came families like the d'Azevadas, and though their elders might weep out of nostalgia for Fayal or Pico they flourished in sea-washed places such as S'cunnet and presently were holding chamaritas and crownings as their own tradition and folk spirit moved them.

Mr. Patten's book is both as individual as the S'cunnet of his memories and a contribution to the larger whole of a New England literature; for it both fits and illustrates the pattern of the region. There were many, many privacies such as that of S'cunnet—districts cut off by hills or bays or streams or ridges, using words of their own a little different from those of the outlanders over yonder. The people yonder were always strange or queer. Here only was the inner security of pride, and of knowing and feeling.

Relatives from remoter places of New England, ancestors, and various tales of kin or commerce made the local communities into the larger federation and kept them, though all were so different, at the same time conscious of New England itself against the alien world. And even nowadays the alien world can know New England with real truth only with the help of guides like Mr. Patten. He remembers well and writes finely, simply, truly, and tenderly

Isle in the Rockies

"High, Wide and Lonesome," by Hal Borland *(Lippincott. 251 pp. $3.75), is a New York newspaperman's recollection of his boyhood in the high country of eastern Colorado.*

By John T. Winterich

"IN terms of social history I have lived close to 150 years," Hal Borland writes in "High, Wide and Lonesome," simply "because I grew up on an island of isolation in eastern Colorado." He makes his case. In the early eighteen-hundreds his great-grandfather was pioneering in western Pennsylvania, and in the early nineteen-hundreds Hal Borland and his father and mother were pioneering on "high, wide, and lonesome" land a hundred miles in front of the Rockies —pioneering as primitively as the Pennsylvania forebear had once done, in some ways more primitively. Since the Pennsylvanian operated at a much lower altitude he even had less trouble getting water to boil.

Hal Borland's rich and warm account of his high-country boyhood (1910 through 1912, his own tenth to twelfth years) is no blow-by-blow description of a man-against-nature championship match. Nor is it a barnyard comic; there is a refreshing dearth of eccentrics. It is a careful, accurate, authentic study of a boy's adaptation to his environment. (So, in less penetrating fashion, is "The Swiss Family Robinson.") And it is as vividly readable as a Sherlock Holmes story.

True, there was hardship in abundance, and it is all here, but there was a rough comfort, there was excitement, there was fascination, there was abiding love, and they are all here too. This was not gentleman-farming; it was man-farming, at times almost brute-farming. Would a gentleman-farmer know that a breaking-plow does not have a mold-board? Mechanization had not set in in the high country in the consulship of William Howard Taft. This is a book of 251 pages, and the first and only mention of automotive transport comes on page 250. It was a Model T truck, and the Borlands didn't own it.

The Borlands built their own house, dug their own well, raised or shot their own food (the only shot food was rabbit). The nearest neighbor was two miles away. The nearest post office was twelve miles away. The nearest doctor was thirty miles away. There was no school close enough for Hal to attend until his third year of residence. The

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teacher was a nineteen-year-old Denver girl fresh from high school. The seven pupils ranged in age from six to sixteen, and they were spread—thinly—over five non-consecutive grades.

If Mr. Borland had been born in the short-grass country he probably wouldn't have written this book. (He certainly wouldn't have written *this* book, and he possibly wouldn't have written *any* book.) For "High, Wide and Lonesome" germinates in the thesis that Hal Borland first set eyes on eastern Colorado when he was ten years old. It was as fresh to him as if he had just come from New England (or even old England) instead of from Nebraska. There were contrasts and novelties which to the native would not have been contrasts and novelties at all. And to heed them there was created an alertness of observation which might have been lacking if Hal Borland had been to the sod house born.

There are few bad men in these bright pages, and such as do appear are probably no worse than your own neighbor three doors up. Only a single revolver shot is fired in anger. It misses. There is a spot of arson, and a Mexican herder is roughly used, but tomorrow's tabloids will easily beat that.

"High, Wide and Lonesome" is written by an adult for an adult, but any boy or girl of Hal Borland's Colorado age will enjoy it as thoroughly as the grown-ups in the family. And the book should be able to do wonderful missionary work abroad, particularly in those countries (and doesn't that mean every country?) whose inhabitants are convinced that every American wallows in deepfreezes and owns three cars. State Department please note.

Mr. Borland writes a weekly outdoor editorial-essay for *The New York Times* and, loyal *Times*man that he is, throughout his text he capitalizes Spring, Summer, Fall, Autumn. But from what he remembers of them perhaps the seasons rate capitalization out in Morgan County. And exactly how much *does* Mr. Borland remember? It is the old question, the question that must always arise in reading any tender-years autobiography (and often in reading autobiographies of non-tender years). I prefer *reconstruct* to *remember*, and if the reconstruction is sound and convincing I regard the terms as synonymous. Mr. Borland is a sound and convincing reconstructor, though I doubt if c. 1910-1912 anyone anywhere had yet said "I don't want any part of it." But I can't prove that anyone hadn't.

OF WHALES AND TOURISTS: Not only summer visitors to Nantucket but devotees of New England history will welcome Dorothy C. A. Blanchard's **"Nantucket Landfall"** (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), a salty and affectionate chronicle of an island that changed from sheep pasture to whaling port to tourist resort in a little over a century. Burning whale oil, stored in the town of Nantucket and feeding the wind-blown flames of a small fire in a hat store, was responsible for the last blow to the prosperity of the whaling port. That was in 1846, and shortly after that the discovery of coal oil reduced the profit in whaling, and the Confederate Navy campaign against whalers at sea dealt Nantucket whaling the coup de grâce. How the booming summer tourist business grew out of the islanders' summer cod-fishing settlement at Siasconset is a less heroic, but still interesting story. —T. E. Cooney.

NEW ENGLAND TALES: For years Alton H. Blackington has traveled about New England taking photographs for newspapers and collecting lightweight tales of the bizarre and unusual which he uses in newspaper and magazine features and on radio and television programs. A few years ago he offered a helping of these in a volume called "Yankee Yarns." Now he offers twenty-seven more, of varying length, in **"More Yankee Yarns"** (Dodd, Mead, $3.50).

Mr. Blackington begins with two daring military exploits in the American Revolution and ends with a present-day story of a miraculous escape from drowning; other subjects include a gentlemanly bank robber of the 1860s, P. T. Barnum and his freaks, and the ghost of Abraham Lincoln. One rather hackneyed yarn is that of the sea captain who escapes being eaten by pulling the cannibal king's sore tooth.

Blackington is a skilled narrator, and knows how to humanize his stories and pare them down to the essential details. His book is illustrated with sixteen pages of photographs.

—Hal Bridges.

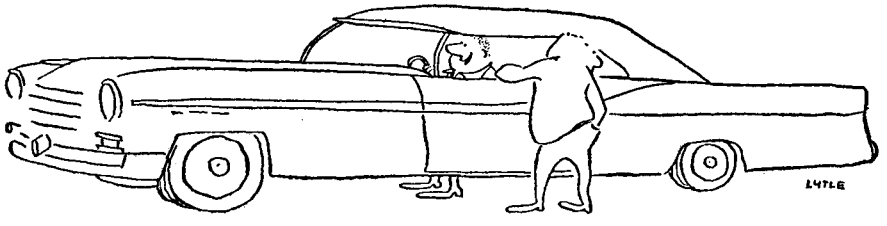
REPORT ON THE WEST: One of the most exciting documents in the turbulent history of the opening of the American West is a Government publication, "Report on the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in 1843-1844." The author of this report, which circulated in thousands of copies among an expansionist-minded public, was John Charles Frémont, then a relatively obscure officer in the Topographical Corps. Frémont's report, the narrative of his expedition to California contained in his "Memoirs of My Life," and his description of the Great Basin in his "Geographical Memoir" have now been drawn together and edited by Allan Nevins under the title **"Narratives of Exploration and Adventure"** (Longmans, Green, $3.50). This is a valuable service not only because it makes available an important American saga, but also because it underscores Frémont's place in the front ranks of explorers of the West.

Frémont had a genuine talent for writing. The West comes alive under his pen. He had a largeness of outlook that gives his descriptions of the terrain, the plant and animal life, and the Indians a sweeping and vigorous impact. It is easy to see, even at this day, how the report must have aroused the excitement of its first readers. Among them were Brigham Young who was swayed to lead the Mormons to Utah by Frémont's account of the fertile and "bucolic region" of the Great Salt Lake.

Professor Nevins accounts Frémont "the first distinctively scientific explorer produced by the United States." And the report is evidence of Frémont's genius in that respect. Trained by brilliant J. N. Nicollet, Frémont took pains to collect botanical specimens and geological data; he plotted his positions accurately and he correctly identified and described the Great Basin as the area between the Wasatch Range on the east and the Sierras on the west. His report in this respect is crisp and precise—a guide for future travelers and settlers.

The book is carefully supplied with notes for the modern reader, and Professor Nevins also has contributed a biographical introduction. The maps, however, are surprisingly inadequate.

—Alden Whitman.



"Well, actually, George, it didn't cost as much as you might expect."

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What Is an Intellectual?

NEARLY every man who has walked out of his university with a B.A., an M.A., or a Phi Beta Kappa key may believe that he is to some extent an intelligent man. He may also be aware that he is not an intellectual, and may privately hope that he will never be one. Webster's latest dictionary is vague about this anomalous title, its definitions of intellectual ranging from "fond of and given to learning and thinking" to "having a capacity for the higher forms of knowledge and thought" to simply "a person who does intellectual work," which presumably would include librarians, publishers, and editors. Philosophers, incidentally, are not rated as intellectuals, for no apparent reason unless they are assumed to belong to a still higher group of mental giants. At any rate, the public is so confused by the intellectuals that they have given them the opprobrious title of "egghead," meaning either that they cannot understand what they are talking or writing about or they are annoyed by anyone who attempts to destroy the comfortable conviction that all's right with the world. For example, Adlai Stevenson is presumed to have lost a large number of votes to the Republicans in his campaign four years ago because he was known to be an intellectual; General Eisenhower, while he is an intelligent man, is obviously not an intellectual.

Today the intellectual has an increasingly wide forum to address in the quarterly magazines *Partisan Review, The American Scholar, Political Science Quarterly,* and many others. In their pages a confused debate is continuing to relate the rapid changes in our society to their own stubborn or wavering convictions. In the summer issue of *The American Scholar* Granville Hicks, who has maintained an active interest in political developments, writes that "dreary" is the only possible word for the cultural life of the Fifties. "A sign of the times is the fact that a fairly large number of intellectuals call themselves 'conservatives'," a word which was anathema to intellectuals twenty years ago. "In the first place, the Cold War," Mr. Hicks says, "has taught the majority of intellectuals to measure American civilization, not by an absolute standard, but in comparison with Soviet Communism, and between the two they have no doubts which they prefer." They have realized that most of the other evils which the radicals and reformers of the Twenties attacked have been obliterated.

There are, of course, opposite schools of intellectuals, who were at one time, or are still, Communists, independent Marxists, or left-wing Socialists who refuse to admit that anything can be right with the United States until we are bathed in the light that radiates from Moscow. They have their own magazines in which weekly, monthly, or quarterly they complain bitterly against our obdurate refusal to rid ourselves of democracy. They are, obviously, on their way out; and actually they perform an admirable service to the country, since it is better to have them in the open than distilling their more or less harmless brews in secret; and they offer the liberal intellectuals a wide target to shoot at. It is of no use to argue with confirmed dissidents who have only to look at what has happened to the United States since the end of the war to realize that their bitter complaints are stale and useless. Many of them, in fact, do not seem to have heard of the Supreme Court's decision to desegregate the schools in Southern states, and they do not know that many evils have been eliminated or reduced since the years of the Depression. They will inevitably draw into their orbit the bitter and discontented men and the crackpots who form a small segment of any society.

In that admirable magazine *Partisan Review,* David Riesman and Nathan Glazer, both intellectuals, discuss at length "our discontented classes." "It is the unsatisfying quality of life as they find it in America," they write, "that mostly feeds their discontent. Their wealth, their partial access to education and fuller exposure to mass media—indeed, their possession of the insignia they have been taught to associate with the good life—these leave them restless, ill at ease in Zion. They must continually seek for reasons explaining their unrest—and the reasons developed by intellectuals for the benefit of previous proletariats are of course quite irrelevant . . . What kind of life," Messrs. Riesman and Glazer ask, "is appropriate to a society whose lower classes are being devoured faster by prosperity than Puerto Rican immigration can replenish?"

THIS remarkable paragraph would appear to a quasi or non-intellectual reader to be sheer nonsense, the result of an inner discontent of the writers themselves. With due apologies to these worried intellectuals it would appear that they are conjuring up a new reason to prove that still another class of Americans is unhappy and restless. It can have occurred to few pseudo-philosophers that it is worthwhile moaning over citizens who appear to be more miserable rich than they were when they were poor. They must be lost souls, indeed, who have now nowhere to go, unless they decide to give away the money they have made to hospitals or the innumerable elderly people who have to spend their last years on relief.

This brings up the question of the increasing intellectual poverty of many of our intellectuals and critics of American life. "In the enormous reversal of emphasis which characterizes Riesman's work," writes Granville Hicks, "the absence of ruling classes, the replacement of competition by cooperation, the change in American from the stereotype of the brash aggressive man to the other-directed man, one may well wonder whether Riesman is not encouraging thought in circles, passive thought which gives the illusion of making strides, emitting energy, and approaching discovery."

—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SOUR NOTE

ONE'S GRATITUDE for *SR*'s coverage of Shaw [*SR* July 21] is soured a little by the inclusion of H. G. Wells's "obituary" of Shaw from the *London Daily Express*. It is a peevish screed, written in 1945 when Wells was approaching his last year of life. It misrepresents Shaw and does Wells himself no credit.

It you *had* to print it, why did you not print the whole of it? You have omitted eight or nine sentences from the *Daily Express* version in which Wells pays a handsome tribute of gratitude to Shaw for teaching him how to write drama criticism and, incidentally, how to listen to music. You have omitted a sentence about Shaw's attitude toward sex; a long sentence ridiculing Shaw for believing Shakespeare to be *one author*, rather than "a synthesis of a group of collaborators," and for setting up as a rival to Shakespeare; a comical elaboration of the paragraph about Shaw's busts and portraits; and a long passage at the end in which Wells describes (but overstates) Shaw's grief at Charlotte's death, and prophesies that Shaw's money will be left to establish a National Theatre "that will glorify. . . . Shakespeare-Shaw."

Curiously, you have printed a couple of details (the lines about Pavlov, and about Wells in a private cabin, blubbering like a baby) which did *not* appear in the *Daily Express*. Wells did write these lines (I have his manuscripts of the obituary before me). Presumably you had a full text to work from. It would have served better to have printed the whole of it, rather than this butchered fragment.

The "foolish bit of ruthlessness" which Wells makes so much of is only a distorted bit of misremembering on his part. When the Shaws heard about Jane Wells's cancer, late in May of 1927, they both wrote at once to express their distress and sympathy, and to fix a visit for the following Thursday. Shaw's note canvasses the medical profession's hopeless ignorance of cancer, denounces operation as a cure, and suggests a variety of courses to explore—the ministrations of Raphael Roche, trust in God, in Jane herself, and the Life Force—even, playfully, Christian Science. Nowhere, however, does he say or imply that "there is no such thing as cancer," or "that she would be much to blame if she died."

The Shaws called on the Wellses for tea, or at least offered to, on July 11, before going to the Continent for a vacation. On August 4, from Stresa, Shaw wrote to congratulate Wells on his new novel, "Meanwhile," and to scold him for some recent pronouncements in support of vivisection. Inevitably the letter winds round to the subject of Jane's cancer. Again, with great energy, he denounces Harley Street doctors, and presses upon Wells the need to explore other kinds of cure if all is not well—including osteopathy and homeopathy. The letter *was* perhaps too long, too urgent, too combative; in the ending Shaw urges Wells not to let it worry him. There can be no doubt of Shaw's genuine sympathy, intense wish to give the best advice he can, and profound concern that Jane Wells be saved from death.

The incident of the letters caused no rift in the Shaw-Wells relations. Their correspondence flowed through the years down to the very day of Charlotte Shaw's death.

All this will be definitively cleared up when it becomes possible to publish the whole body of Shaw's letters to Wells. At this moment, however, it is proper at least to free Shaw from the implications of irresponsible sadism which the Wells "obituary" serves to create.

CHARLES H. SHATTUCK.
Department of English,
The University of Illinois.
Urbana, Ill.

"The critics let me off pretty easy—no broken bones."

PRAISE OR BLAME?

HAVE READ with much interest your issue of July 21, as I have appreciated G. B. Shaw for many years. He is sometimes annoying, but usually challenging and interesting.

Along with others, I found myself confused with the intent of Mr. Masefield's poem about Mr. Shaw on page seven. We tried to read it in many different lights and ways. Was he frankly exhibiting his dislike for GBS; was he recognizing his limited admiration for the man, or is Mr. Masefield approaching senility?

It would seem to me that in the commemoration of his birth people would come to praise him, not to bury him. Maybe Mr. Masefield meant to do this, and at the same time point out some of the controversial factors about him.

DAVID F. MYRICK.
San Francisco, Calif.

CORRECTION

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH'S Fine Arts Festival poem [*SR* July 28] was inadvertently printed with the first two lines as a title instead of as part of the poem. Prof. MacLeish writes as follows:

"As written, the poem had no title but the first two lines were in caps in lieu of title. The purpose was to give the tone of the poem at the outset—a poem about writing a poem for that time and place. Thus:

A POEM FOR A FESTIVAL OF ART
AT BOSTON IN THE PUBLIC
GARDEN . . . . . .
heart
What music do you hear? etc.

Printing the capitalized lines as a title, setting them *out* of the poem, and, moreover, *changing* them works to kill the rhyme and the rhythm and certainly does violence to the tone. Does the matter seem important enough to you to publish a brief correction of the beginning? It does to me, but then I wrote it."

The Saturday Review does indeed believe the matter is important. The poem came to us at one remove rather than directly from Professor MacLeish and our compositor followed the text as we had it. But we certainly regret the error and we hope this correction will set the permanent record straight.

JOHN CIARDI.
New York, N. Y.

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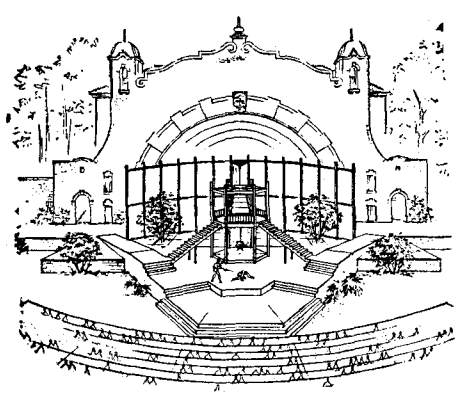
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

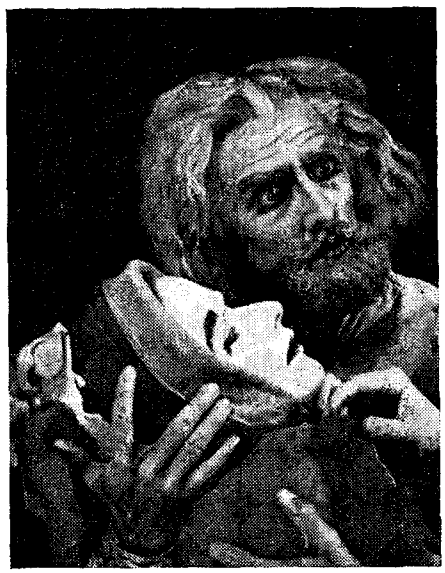
The Bard Finds a Home in Ohio

A FEW minutes past midnight of Wednesday night, August 8, 1956, Arthur Lithgow became the first man ever to have produced all of Shakespeare's plays over five consecutive seasons. The event took place on the newly constructed Toledo Zoo Amphitheatre stage, where the Antioch Area Theatre has set up a second base of operations with a company that performs "The Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labour's Lost," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "Hamlet."

But two nights later Mr. Lithgow did something even more astounding. He became the first man ever to have played the role of Hamlet wearing eyeglasses. Necessity rather than ambition mothered this second feat. For when actor Michael Higgins, who was playing Hamlet, came down with severe laryngitis Mr. Lithgow, who had directed the production and had acted the part back in his college days, decided to take a crack at it holding the book in one hand for frequent reference. But the fardel of fine print became too heavy and in the second act he entered wearing glasses appropriately rimmed in black.

Remarkable as was his accomplishment, it must be admitted that Mr. Lithgow's performance had its esthetic limitations, being at its best when most cynical, and at its worst when most impassioned. But it served to permit the audience to enjoy the play and particularly some of the other performances. David Hook's Polonius had a remarkably sure attack which intensified the humor of his senile conceits. Bronia Stefan's Ophelia reflected ladylikeness as well as a rebellious surrender to the forces of sensuality, and her handing out of the different weeds was marvelously specific. Jack Bittner's Claudius, while it lacked a lyrical dimension, had blocky strength and determined evil





Rabb (Lear) and Ashworth (the Fool).

in it. And Ralph Drischell's Osric and Frank Groseclose's gravedigger were amusing, brief portraits. While some of the other parts were assigned to apprentices, the overall standards of speech and movement compared favorably with those of the top Shakespearean repertory companies in England.

However, more impressive than any individual performances was the exciting platform stage used both at Toledo and Yellow Springs. On it the uncut "Hamlet" moved with speed and clarity. Most ingenious and effective was the play-within-the-play scene, where the guilt-stricken Claudius rushed out through the improvised "stage," overturning the flimsy scenery as he went.

One hundred and forty miles south in Yellow Springs, where the Antioch Area Theatre began five years ago, the other section of the company is performing "Measure for Measure," "King Lear," and "Much Ado About Nothing." (Each company exchanges places to give audiences a chance to see all seven plays.) Under Ellis Rabb's direction "Measure for Measure" is being given a more authentic if somewhat less strongly interpreted production than the one at Stratford, Connecticut. It is the Morris dance vs. "The Ballad of Mack the Knife." Here the moving force is the meddling Lucio, played with showy relish but an inappropriate, if crowd-pleasing, effeminacy by Albert Corbin. Mr. Rabb puts the cherry on the whipped cream by a final surprise re-entrance of Lucio with Kate Keepdown and their baby brought together for a shotgun marriage. Reuben Singer's Pompey is a low comic portrait that nevertheless contains a good deal of pathos and credibility. Robert Blackburn manages a good deal of authority as the Duke despite a natural youthfulness inimical to the character as written. Lester Rawlins makes an overwrought Angelo constantly at war with his own repressed sense of guilt. Unfortunately, Pauline Flanagan's Isabella suffers from a static staging, but this is currently being revised. That is one of the advantages of the Antioch organization. Directors and actors can continue to work beyond opening night.

Director Rabb, who last season in New York received critical lines of praise longer than those in his part (Starveling in "Midsummer Night's Dream") jumps back to acting with a vengeance in the title role of "King Lear." The twenty-six-year-old actor shows us a Lear that, though it be something short of old age's pain and recalled experience, has all the technical finish, brilliance, and intelligence of a Sir John Gielgud.

Mr. Rabb's Lear begins as a merry, decadent old man with a subconscious possessive attachment for his youngest daughter. Even after he has disinherited her for failing to say she "loves her father all," he continues to behave as an irresponsible member of the idle rich as he disrupts Goneril's household with his train of 100 revelers. Only Kent and the Fool sense the wheel of fire that lies ahead for Lear. When he has it out with his ungrateful daughters Mr. Rabb gets a rhythmical crescendo of frustration into the oft-repeated "Who put my man in the stocks?" A little later, when Lear crosses into madness, the effect of Mr. Rabb's "Oh, fool, I shall go mad—agh," is that of a boil softly erupting. Wisely he withholds his fire during the storm on the heath, so that he may top it at Dover during the "Let copulation thrive" speech. For this is the moment when Lear purges himself of his foul-smelling "mortality." And thus he arrives at a death scene bathed in sunny sanity.

Mr. Rabb is staunchly supported by Mr. Blackburn's passionately blunt Kent, Mr. Rawlin's sentimental Gloucester, Jack Aronson's hotly evil Edmund, and Tucker Ashworth's moody melancholy Fool. Under Mr. Lithgow's purposeful direction the Antioch "King Lear" is certainly the best American production of the play in our time. If the fortyish director and his young cast continue to devote their summers to classic plays what a Lear we will have five or ten years hence. —HENRY HEWES.

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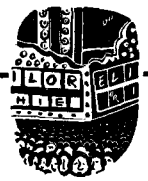

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Aldrich Against the Army

THERE has been considerable talk lately about the changing pattern of production in Hollywood. The old style of studio operation in which thirty or more pictures were turned out annually under the supervisory eye of a single executive producer, it would seem, is gradually giving way to a system of small, flexible units built around a star or a director who acts as his own producer on perhaps one or two films a year. We are, in other words, beginning to get custom-made films in quantity rather than the long-standard assembly-line jobs. Pictures like "On the Waterfront," "Marty," and "Moby Dick" are representative of the new trend—not only off-beat, but made with an individuality and enthusiasm that the larger studios can rarely duplicate. Significantly, within the past year every one of the major companies has added a number of independent productions to its releasing schedule.

Behind this change is the firm of United Artists. Formed in 1919 by Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mary Pickford to handle the distribution of their own independently made pictures, during the ensuing quarter of a century it became recognized as the one real outlet for quality product. Goldwyn, Selznick, Korda, Disney—all the leading independents released through its facilities. In the years immediately after the war, however, the firm fell on evil days. With its original members either dead or inactive there just was not enough quality production to support a large, expensive distribution organization. Goldwyn, Disney, and the others slipped away to more profitable tie-ups with larger companies. By the late Forties the firm's position was desperate.

When United Artists was reorganized in 1951 by two young lawyers, Arthur Krim and Robert Benjamin, they immediately substituted a policy of quantity for quality, building up the volume of their business to meet the overhead of a strong sales organization. By carefully nursing the better films that came their way, and boldly exploiting such big ones as "The African Queen" and "Moulin Rouge," Krim and Benjamin gradually wiped away the tarnish that had gathered on the U.A. escutcheon. New independent outfits began to flock to its banner—some of them formed for capital gains, some by men who sincerely sought a greater freedom of expression on the screen. Today U.A.'s roster of independents includes such names as Stanley Kramer, Hecht-Lancaster, Joseph Mankiewicz, Otto Preminger, and Robert Aldrich—and its policy has proven so profitable that it has been adopted by the industry at large.

Aldrich was in town recently, en route to Los Angeles. He had just spent eight hectic hours in Rome arranging for the screening of his latest film, **"Attack!,"** at the Venice Festival. He arrived in Rome, he said, at three p.m. the previous afternoon, screened his picture for the Festival authorities, caught a plane for New York at eleven, and was going on to Hollywood that very evening. All in the day's work for an independent producer, he seemed to imply, hooking his leg over an arm of the chair he was reclining in. A heavy-set man with thick, horn-rimmed glasses and close-cropped brown hair, Aldrich is youthful, serious, and outspoken. "Attack!"—like so many of the new independent productions—is a controversial picture, an antiwar story in this day of Cold War militaristics, and Aldrich prudently knocks wood every time he mentions the title. "The Army saw the script," he said with a wry smile, "and promptly laid down a policy of no cooperation. Which not only meant that I couldn't borrow troops and tanks for my picture—I couldn't even get a look at Signal Corps combat footage. I finally had to buy a tank for $1,000 and rent another from 20th Century-Fox. Mine is parked now in my garage. Know anybody who wants to buy a tank?" He poured himself a cup of black coffee. "The joke of it is that anybody could have stopped the picture cold for about $25,000, just by buying up all the uniforms."

THE reasons for the Army's lack of enthusiasm are readily apparent. Based on Norman Brook's play of a few seasons ago, "Fragile Fox," the film deals with a cowardly company commander and an opportunistic battalion C.O. who risks the life of every man in the outfit by refusing to relieve his dangerously inept subordinate. The Captain's father, the C.O. explains to an indignant lieutenant, heads the political machine back home and the man can be very useful to him once

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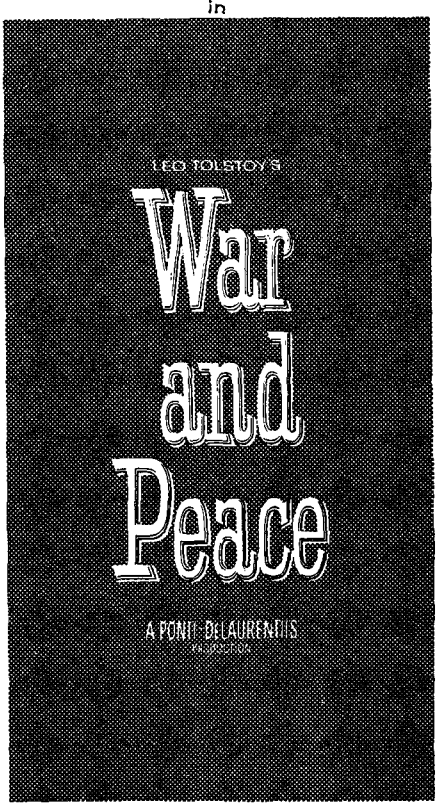

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the war is over. When the Captain's refusal to send promised support to a platoon cut off during an attack results in heavy losses the platoon leader swears personal vengeance. "Attack!" is hardly a recruiting poster for the U.S. Army.

It is, on the other hand, a tense and throbbing drama, expertly acted and directed. Whether he saw Signal Corps footage or not Aldrich has managed his combat tactics—attacks on a pillbox and, later, on a strongly held town—with rare verisimilitude. Even more impressive is his handling of strained personal relationships against the background of the Bastogne breakthrough—the company Exec Officer who recognizes his Captain's weakness but respects the discipline of rank, the naked contempt of the battalion C.O. for the man he hopes to use to his own advantage, the fierce loyalty of the platoon leader to his men. All of these are not simply stated; they unfold with the developing crisis in Fox Company, building to a climax of extraordinary—albeit melodramatic—forcefulness. From his cast—Jack Palance, Eddie Albert, Lee Marvin, Buddy Ebsen, and particularly William Smithers as the hard-pressed Exec—Aldrich has obtained a series of superb performances which he has sustained with strongly composed shots and an imaginative use of natural sound.

"Attack!" Aldrich explained, cost about $750,000 to produce—$50,000 above his anticipated budget. The main part of the money was loaned by banks, with U.A. advancing the additional sum needed to complete the film. If it succeeds there will be no difficulty. If not the loss comes out of his own pocket. But Aldrich, like many of the independents, prefers to work this way, owning outright a considerable percentage of the film he directs in lieu of salary. Should the picture prove a hit he can use his equity in it as collateral for loans on future productions. "It's a gamble," Aldrich admitted, "and sometimes you lose—as I did on 'The Big Knife.' On the other hand, once you get three aces back to back, like Hecht-Lancaster with 'Vera Cruz,' 'Marty,' and 'Trapeze,' then you're really set. You can do anything you want." He paused a moment to reflect. "Well, almost," he amended. "There's still the problem of distribution. An independent doesn't get the money to make his picture until he has some distribution deal set. And the people who decide what will go and what won't, I'm afraid, are the same fifteen men who dominated the industry in the pre-independent days—shrewd, but still using the same old yardsticks. Sure, the independent today has more freedom to make what he wants the way that he wants to than the fellows in the studios. But three aces back to back—that's *real* independence." —Arthur Knight.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MISSING MIDDLES

For various reasons (euphony, simplicity, whatnot) many authors who began life with middle names have dropped them, sometimes in mid-career. Below are twenty such instances, with the abandoned names jumbled in the second column. Kindly assign them to the proper individuals. Answers on page 31.

1. Henry Adams	( ) Alvero
2. Conrad Aiken	( ) Brooks
3. Gertrude Atherton	( ) Clayton
4. Ambrose Bierce	( ) Dorothea
5. Erskine Caldwell	( ) Ernst
6. Willa Cather	( ) Franklin
7. Charles Darwin	( ) Gladstone
8. John Dos Passos	( ) Gruntal
9. Vardis Fisher	( ) Gwinnett
10. John Fox, Jr.	( ) Lee
11. Robert Frost	( ) Lewis
12. George Gissing	( ) Niven
13. Felicia Hemans	( ) Potter
14. John Hersey	( ) Preston
15. Robert Nathan	( ) Richard
16. Eugene O'Neill	( ) Robert
17. Kenneth Roberts	( ) Robert
18. John Steinbeck	( ) Roderigo
19. Thornton Wilder	( ) Sibert
20. Thomas Wolfe	( ) William

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Wieland Wagner's New "Meistersinger"

BAYREUTH, GERMANY.

BAYREUTH is unique among the summer festivals in Europe, of which there are far too many—and too many bad ones. Bayreuth alone is not yet marred by commercialism and prima donnaism. (That certain local hotels doubled their room rates for the "Meistersinger" première is not the fault of the festival management.) The artistic climate of Bayreuth is healthy and artists' dedication to their work pure and genuine. There is no room for star conductors and star sopranos and star intrigues as in nearby Salzburg. You don't have to be a Wagnerian to enjoy today's Bayreuth; you will love it if you love the musical theatre.

Wieland Wagner's new "Meistersinger" was a considerable shock to the old-school Wagnerians. There were boos and hisses. State Secretary Kurt Eilles of the Bavarian Ministry of Justice announced he was quitting in protest the Society of the Friends of Bayreuth and compared the performance to a musical called "Kiss Me, Eve," which reminds of the witticisms which Hanslick wrote after the first performance of the work. Bayreuth's previous "Meistersinger," in 1951 and 1952, were produced by Rudolf Hartmann along traditional lines, with plenty of Biedermeier romanticism and Spitzweg interiors. Wieland makes a complete break with all traditions. His "Meistersinger" is without the familiar Nürnburg background. Wieland makes no arbitrary decisions though. He knows the work of Richard Wagner probably better than any other man alive and produces the new "Meistersinger" out of his thorough understanding of what Richard Wagner wanted to create: a timeless comedy with music, closer to the later "Falstaff" and "Rosenkavalier" (and also to Bach) than to the earlier Lortzing and the phony German renaissance. Only after he was finished with the "Tristan" mood of his passion for Mathilde Wesendonck was he able to create true comedy in which he could laugh at himself.

"There is no humor whatsoever in Richard Wagner's previous work," Wieland says. "Richard Wagner's idea of humor was to stand on his head when dignified guests arrived at home. *Épater les bourgeois.* Like Hans Sachs, he was a very simple man. Unfortunately, he married into an eminently respectable family. In 'Meistersinger' he saw himself as a split personality between his foolish youth—Stolzing—and the wiser age—Sachs. I believe there is a lot of self-persiflage in Richard Wagner's 'Meistersinger.' It is certainly no accident that the foolish night-watchman blows the catastrophic F-sharp on his horn, the same note that is used throughout the 'Ring' in moments of utter disaster. The night-watchman is the stupid little official who goes through life without hearing and seeing what happens around him."

OUT of Wieland's conception of Richard Wagner's total theatre there come quite a few shockers. Hans Sachs is Richard Wagner, in make-up as well as gesture. Eva is no longer a demure well-bred girl but a coquettish little creature who teases Sachs—just in case she shouldn't get her young man. (If you carefully read the text of the scene between the two in the second act you will realize that little Evchen is well familiar with the facts of life.) Father Pogner is no longer the benevolent *Biedermann* but rather a wealthy snob who doesn't hesitate to put up his only child for the highest bidder. "If Stolzing hadn't come into town the day before Eva might have become Frau Beckmesser, because her old man liked to be in the headlines," Wieland says. Beckmesser is an aging bachelor, nervous, arrogant, pathetic, who simply doesn't understand what happens to him until he is laughed out of the festival meadow.

Scenically there are clear breaks between the three acts. Act One is the "tabulatur" dominated by David, "the bad singing teacher," and the apprentices. They behave like real reform-school alumni and not like superannuated chorus members. The opening scene in St. Catherine's Church is pure beauty: the chorus onstage forming small groups almost as in a Dürer painting. Obviously, the epoch of Wieland's "Meistersinger" is not the middle of the sixteenth century, but the Gothic or late-Gothic. Stolzing is decked out in red ("the revolutionary in Richard Wagner") and Eva flirts outrageously with him, hardly chaperoned by Magdalena who is young and attractive.

Act Two is *Johannisnacht,* sultry, cobalt-blue, and un-German. A large lilac ball hangs suspended from above a bench (Sachs's workshop), while a group of pretty girls swings around in a circle. The mosaic of the floor barely indicates the cobblestoned street. The houses of Nürnberg are not visible. Beckmesser sings his "Serenade" from the middle of the stage, lighted by a window-shaped reflection which merely indicates Pogner's house off-stage. The *Prügelscene* is no longer a free-for-all executed by non-singing supers while the chorus tries hard to watch the conductor. There is just a little stylized fighting between Beckmesser and David, while the mob, wearing ugly realistic nightshirts, moves back and forth with the music.

Act Three shows Sachs's almost empty cobbler's workroom, with a chair, a music stand, and a symbolic wooden statue of John the Baptist. It is here that Stolzing gets his second lesson in singing, this time from Sachs, "the good singing teacher." Most controversial and least successful is the last scene. Instead of showing a large meadow ("green is the worst color onstage," Wieland says) there is a fifty-foot high amphitheatre around a yellow arena. The guilds and citizens are seated as the curtain rises. Wieland has done away with the cliché of what he calls "Hitlerian mass demonstrations and speaking choruses." No flag-waving, no marching. The entrance of the mastersingers and Sachs remains almost unnoticed. And toward the end it isn't Sachs who emerges as hero; the people-at-large is the hero. "The same mob that raised hell the night before becomes now decent and civilized under the influence of art and music," Wieland says.

Wieland Wagner slapped another tradition when he invited André Cluytens, a Belgian, to conduct what all German conductors consider their very special domain. The result was fortunate. Cluytens, a sensitive conductor with no trace of *furor teutonicus,* made certain passages sound as if they'd been written by Debussy and others as if written by Bach. He is a master of parlando style. Never before have audiences understood so many details of the text. Only the overture seemed somewhat colorless perhaps because Cluytens is not yet familiar with the acoustic peculiarities of the festival house. It is now an accepted fact among Bayreuth conductors that it takes five years to get used to the Bayreuth acoustics. The orchestra played beautifully and the singers (Hotter, Brouwenstijn, Milinkovic, Windgassen) sang and acted as—Wieland thinks—Grandfather Wagner would have liked them. He may be right.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG.

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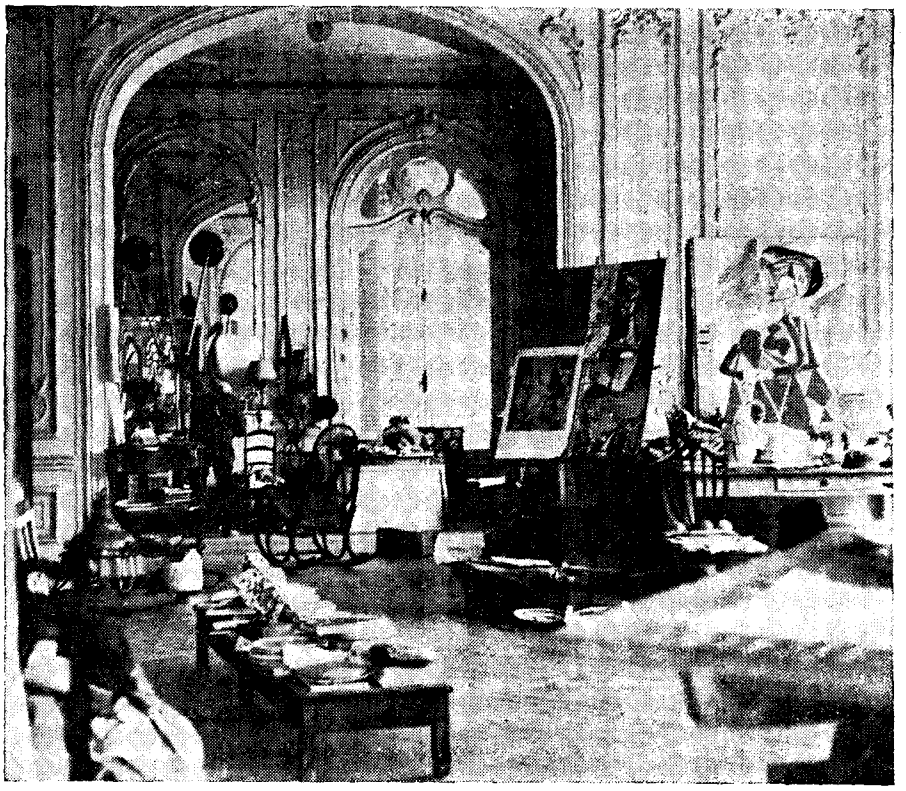
THE FINE ARTS

An Afternoon with Picasso



Picasso's studio at Cannes—"one of those giants who produce masterpieces to the end . . ."

THERE had been some question whether Picasso could see us. He had been ill with a cold and, being almost seventy-five, was naturally eager to rest. But after lunch at Cannes word came that he was expecting us at his early twentieth-century villa, "La Californie," on a hill behind the town. We drove up at once, determined not to stay more than half an hour, so as not to tire him. We stayed most of the afternoon and came away unforgettably impressed by Picasso's ebullient spirits and wit, above all by his magnetism as a man quite certainly aware that he has been the greatest artist of his century and yet at times seeming almost naively detached from this overwhelming fact.

The gates of "La Californie" were opened by the gardener. We parked the car by the front steps of the villa and walked through the door into a large hall flanked by two living rooms. Paintings were stacked everywhere against the rococo white walls, and there was almost no furniture except some tables covered with ceramics, sculptures, magazines, books, and—again—paintings which the artist had finished in recent months or on which he was still working. The charming Jacqueline greeted us and introduced us to Picasso's nephew and other friends. And suddenly Picasso himself was in the middle of the room, walking briskly from one to the other of his guests, laughing, teasing, pulling off his shirt to replace it with an embroidered jacket sent by his admirers. I hadn't seen him in person since the early 1930s at a Left Bank café in Paris, where he arrived at dusk to join a group of surrealists in whom he was then much interested. He had changed astonishingly little. His hair was white and thin, but his eyes were incalculably alive and piercing, he walked as confidently as a young prizefighter, and from him emanated immense power.

We moved briefly onto the terrace, and I took some photographs of Picasso in his new jacket, more than a little afraid that he would be irritated by my tourist's eagerness to have some record of our visit. I needn't have worried. Picasso loves to be photographed, I suppose partly out of vanity but primarily, I think, because of his incurable—and touching—love of buffoonery. It may be well to remember his lifelong interest in the circus and clowns. At any rate, he showed us with glee some press photographs of himself wearing a rubber nose and those curious glasses on which attentive eyes are painted to disguise the banquet-goer, dozing through after-dinner speeches. Picasso is too proud to be worried by triviality or loss of dignity. His fantastic youthfulness is nowhere more apparent than in his playful determination to put his audience at ease and to dispel for the moment the solemnity which, in memory, a visit to his studio will inevitably invoke.

WE returned to the larger of the two living rooms to see the recent paintings. Picasso sat on a Victorian rocking chair near the windows, we grouped ourselves around him on the floor or packing boxes, and after a moment or two he would spring up and take out of their stacks the series of newer canvases, refusing help in moving even the largest pictures. One of the first paintings he showed us was a still-life of a fernlike plant which stood in the room. It was beautifully painted. "You see," Picasso said, "I did it directly from nature." He paused and added, making a plucking gesture at his forehead. "If only we could pull out our brain and use only our eyes."

He was meditative for a moment and then abruptly gay again. He brought out his current series of paintings of Algerian women. They were magnificent in color, and one of them reminded our friend Alfred Barr of Matisse at his best. "It's true," Picasso said. "Matisse is dead now, and I must paint for both of us." The simplicity and pride of this statement made an indelible impression, and one understood the respect of a special kind which exists only among creative peers for whom, if for anyone, immortality waits. The impression was reinforced later in England when we were shown some recent photographs of Picasso and Braque standing together at "La Californie." Almost fifty years ago the two men had launched cubism—to my mind the most vital art movement of the twentieth century—in a spirit of shared dedication. Afterwards they had quarreled, but now here they were together again: Braque tall, old, and tired; Picasso short and unquenchably sturdy. I have the word of eyewitnesses that their reunion was fervent and gratified on both sides.

Picasso asked where we had come from, and I told him we had driven from Venice, where we had visited the Biennale, Europe's most important regularly scheduled show of in-

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ternational contemporary art. "You know," Picasso said with amused incredulity, "I think the Biennale has never given me a prize. Have they?" he asked his nephew. "*Non, je crois pas,*" the latter replied, and Picasso smiled and strode back to the stacks of pictures. He brought them out rapidly, one by one. There were a staggering number of them, mostly completed within the year, and it was obvious that Picasso had been working with unusual relish and spontaneity, delighted with his new villa and relaxed by the quiet adoration of Jacqueline, of whom he had just finished a realistic and superb portrait. He looked at the pictures carefully as he brought them forward, and he was pleased. When one remembered the drawings, prints, ceramics, and sculptures Picasso had created simultaneously one felt awed by the man's energy and unflagging invention. He belongs without any doubt to the rare company of those giants who produced masterpieces to the end of their long lives.

We started to leave for Vallauris, the tiny village whose ceramic industry Picasso has revived singlehanded and where his murals of "War" and "Peace" have been installed in an abandoned chapel. Picasso came out into the courtyard with us, insisted on more photographs of all present, and then said: "Before you go I will show you something really beautiful." He took us out to the stable to see his old Hispano-Suiza, probably built during the early 1930s. The car no longer runs, but Picasso cherishes it. He clambered into the back seat and pointed out how carefully the upholstery had been done. "*C'est magnifique, n'est ce pas?*" he said. "He can't bear to part with the car," Jacqueline added. "It will be here forever." "And look," said Picasso, pointing excitedly to the intricate wrought iron on the stalls in the stable. "This was a good time to have been a horse." I thought as we drove away that, for Picasso above all others, our century has been a good time to have been a very, very great artist.

—James Thrall Soby.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

One by Sea, One by Land

THERE was, amid the horror and incredibility of the *Doria-Stockholm* debacle, a certain sense of gallantry and chivalry. It was a time when no man would cast blame upon another, when no sailor would stand in judgment of another. It has been regrettable to see that noble air eddy like smoke through an open transom, to be replaced by battery and counter-battery fire directed by the artillerists of the law.

We do not deny the necessity of law to keep the order of things, but before the air fills further with recriminations we would merely like to say that there were two things that struck us about the shocking incident. They were the tremendous emotional impact that the loss of a ship has even on people who had had no direct relation with it; and secondly, and more matter-of-factly, how it could have happened at all. A cab driver told me in Manhattan a few days after it was over that the televised sight of the *Doria* going down had him on the edge of audible sobbing. "It was like losin' a woman," he said. I knew quite well what he meant, for only a few days before I had been standing barefoot on the tile floor of a summer house out on Long Island when I heard the news sift from the radio in the next room. I guess the first feeling was consternation and then incredulity and finally deep and lingering sorrow, an all-pervading sorrow of the kind that struck you when you were sixteen and lost your girl.

I thought back of how I had almost flown to Genoa to take the maiden voyage of the *Doria*, and I thought of what I had written when I visited her when she first came to port. What an air she had. They were calling one suite then the Rita Hayworth apartment because the walls were lined with quilted satin, there were satin spreads on the beds and satin draperies on the window, and it all reminded some imaginative type of that satiny picture of Rita Hayworth that ran in *Life* years back and has never been forgotten. There were baths that grew from the heritage passed down from the baths of Rome, baths with designs of blue fish running through the porcelain plumbing. I tried to imagine the heroic statue of the admiral Andrea Doria that stood in the first-class lounge, submerged now off Nantucket, and the water eating away at the mural behind it that depicted a street in Genoa where a similar statue stands.

And what of the giant mosaic stones that decorated the walls, and the winter garden with its light wood walls and potted greenery? And the fifty-car garage, the bank, and four movie theatres, one of them an outdoor walk-in. And the delightful décor of the children's dining room with its murals of smoking frogs and flower-eating pelicans and ostriches that looked like pineapples.

The loss of the *Doria* filled me with that deep and lingering melancholy all day long and the next, until I began to wonder if, in the terminology of some of my couch-and-analysis friends, I was suffering from a low emotional threshold. Some days later, in the ebb of the incident, I sat in a quiet corner of the New York Athletic Club and had a quiet talk with Harry Manning, former commodore of the U.S. Lines who was the skipper of the *United States* when it brought the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic home to America for the first time in over fifty years.

In the spirit of that day Harry Manning was not inclined to blame anyone. He would say only that, "Despite all the safety gadgets it shows the mind is supreme and the mind is fallible. Radar has definite limitations. It does not replace the eye." He thought it would all come out in the wash because the movements of the gyrocompass make pen marks on paper and show the exact course taken by the ship. Presumably the scratch marks on paper recording the course of the *Stockholm* are available for inspection.

On the emotional impact of a ship's loss Harry Manning had more to say. "The art alone is enough to make a man weep at the loss of it," he said. One weeps at the loss of life aboard a fallen plane, but one rarely weeps for the plane. "Airplanes come off an assembly line by the dozen," said Manning. "A ship is much more of a human thing. For a captain it becomes part of your soul. Like your child. Something you alone can take care of. A ship is the property of a nation, a symbol of a nation. It is not only the ship of a company, it is the ship of a people."

More than that Harry Manning wouldn't say. But in shipping circles the best opinion was that somewhere in that night that was either foggy or hazy, depending upon how you saw it, the two ships arrived face to face each full well knowing the other was there. Then, in fate's peculiar way, both ships decided to turn at the same time, and like two pedestrians trying to pass each other on the street they turned into each other. By now the deep emotion has already been cushioned by the padding of time. The gloves of chivalry are off too. Now, with the niceties done, it is down to dollars and cents. The hearings open in New York September 19 to determine why the ship of a nation, the soul of a captain, and about fifty travelers were drowned in a museum of art on a summer's night off the summer island of Nantucket.

* * *

ONE of the least known attractions of the United States is a 300-acre rolling tract of Michigan land which is the sprawling home of Cranbrook, a six-part educational center in Bloomfield Hills, twenty miles north of Detroit. It is somewhat surprising to find that Eliel Saarinen did most of the buildings, and that it was here that he died. Carl Milles died abroad, but he spent twenty-one years of his life at Cranbrook and created seventy-two pieces of sculpture while here.

Milles's Orpheus Fountain, which sits before the peristyle of Saarinen's Academy of Art, was made from the same molds as his famous fountain in Stockholm. And one passes his Jonah and the Whale en route to the Science Museum which houses its own planetarium, a noteworthy collection of opals, and a giant 100-pound topaz. While the topaz is not for sale, the Museum does vend Indian axeheads at $3, quartz clusters ($3), a piece of chrysocolla ($2), not to mention fuorite cleavage, an extraordinary buy at seventy-five cents.

Cranbrook was the name which George C. Booth and his wife, Ellen Scripps Booth, gave to their home in Bloomfield Hills when they bought it in 1904. Booth's father had come from Cranbrook, a village in Kent, over 100 years ago. First the Booths invited the community to hold religious services in a Meeting House which they had built in 1918. Then local children were invited to go to school there. So began the first of the Cranbrook enterprises, Brookside School.

Aside from Brookside School, which offers a country-day school program for young children, Cranbrook's institutions now include the Christ Church Cranbrook, an outgrowth of the Meeting House religious meetings; Cranbrook School, which opened in 1927 and was the first major architectural achievement of Eliel Saarinen in the United States; Kingswood School for

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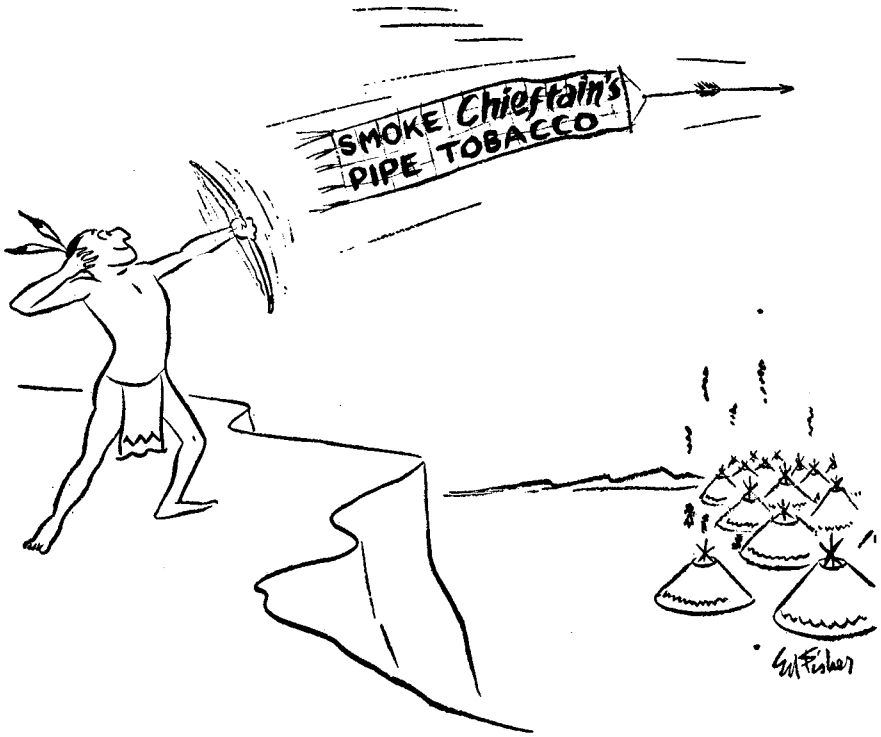

Girls; Cranbrook Academy of Art, which gives degrees in architecture and fine arts; and the Cranbrook Institute of Science.

Except for the small children, all students at Cranbrook are in boarding. They come from forty countries, some of them on Fulbrights. But Cranbrook is still so little known that mail coming in from all over the world has been variously addressed to: Cranberry Academy of Art, Cranebrood Institute of Science, Cranbrook Co., Mr. Cranbrook—Institute of Science, the Craubroutt Institute, the Scranbrook Institute, and the Comstock Institute.

Those girls who come from near and far to matriculate at Kingswood School will, whether they know it or not, sit on furniture designed by Eliel Saarinen's son Eero when he was twenty. Not ten miles from Cranbrook is Eero's immense masterpiece, the new GM Technical Center, a spectacular marvel of architectural design. Both Cranbrook and GM's Tech Center are open to public visit.

—Horace Sutton.

Travelers' Tales

COAT-POCKET COMPENDIUM: Captain Michael Fielding's new **Pocket Guide to Europe** (Rand McNally, $2.95) is one of the neatest collections of facts and maps yet to appear. It is stripped to essentials and then some, but these essentials are of overwhelming variety and range from the national characteristics and attitudes of major and minor European countries to where to see people in regional costumes, what newspapers to read, and the best vintages. It includes—as all good guides do—hotel, restaurant, and nightclub listings, shopping aids, miniature calendars of events, sightseeing, currency, and tipping tips. But Captain Fielding has furthermore found room for occasional black-and-white illustrations, plus a "Thumbnail Linguist" at the end which gives words in five languages. His treatment is necessarily somewhat superficial, but the material is carefully organized for quick, easy reference.

—Joyce Jenkins.

THROUGH HISPANIA: A wonderfully alive and happy land becomes a chronology of historical facts and architectural details in Yves Bottineau's "**Spain,**" translated by O. C. Warden (Essential Books, $7). The author's methodical regional coverage is consistently thorough as he takes us on a scholar's tour of all Spain, and the book is saved only by the magnificent black-and-white photographs which greet the reader with practically every turn of a page. Although the wooden text interferes, it could not spoil this superb collection which alone imparts much of Spain's personality and particular beauty. Perhaps the fault of the writing lies in the translation, but the stilted, pedantic style has smothered any feeling that may have been in the original version (French), and we are left with a flat account which reads like a textbook. —J. J.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 1, 20, 13, 18, 3, 16, 15, 4, 11, 17, 19, 2, 14, 5, 7 or 12, 12 or 7, 8, 6, 10.

USA

Continued from page 15

emergency the intellectuals' brains are indispensable; this proved true in World Wars I and II as well as in the Great Depression; it is interesting to note that in spite of all the scorn heaped twenty years ago upon the Brain Trusters (the intellectuals of their day) not one of their major pieces of legislation has been repealed or even seriously attacked by the Republicans during the last four years.

Beyond this Curti believes that in a healthy society every element should be allowed to contribute. "Only when everyone is recognized, feels that he is needed and valued, will we learn to use knowledge without fearing it. Only then will we make the power of knowledge the servant not of any one group or nation or race, but of all the children of men. Only then can the American experiment become our gift to the world."

Curti does not have much to say about how we get from our present conflicts to this happy state, and perhaps this is because he does not anywhere consider very seriously how we should define an intellectual. One prerequisite would seem to be a high I.Q., and today we know a good deal about the scatter of intelligence in the American population. There are, for example, 7.3 million people (both sexes and all ages) with I.Q.'s above 130 on the Stanford-Binet scale and 20.9 million above 120, which is about the lower limit for the intellectual. This is ten or twenty times as many people as the country's quota of identifiable intellectuals—which means merely that most of our very bright citizens are smart enough to conceal it. They get on so well and agreeably with their friends, neighbors, and business and professional associates that the unpleasant connotations the word "intellectual" brings up are never applied to them.

It seems to me that much of Professor Curti's battle has already been won and that good advances are being made in the remaining sectors. For one thing, many of the evils against which the intellectuals protested twenty or thirty years ago have in fact been ameliorated or cured. For another, while Freud may be on the side of irrationality his ideas are teaching intellectuals how to get along better with their fellow men. They will still go on criticizing aspects of American life they don't like—perhaps thereby continuing to make *Time* unhappy—but I believe they are learning to do so in ways that are bringing them greater acceptance.

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Fiction

Continued from page 13

her dismayed relatives realize to what an extent she has become an uncontrollable drinker.

From then on Hester Revell is an increasing embarrassment to family and friends. She passionately wants to be cured, but one by one the various "cures" fail her, until—youth, looks, and the son she adores lost to her—she is at last helped by "N.M.B.," a group similar to Alcoholics Anonymous.

Even if the reader's interest were not held on the inexorable downgrade path of Hester's story it would be caught by the author's art of telling a tale. Here is that unhurried, dimensional prose, rich with insight even when treating of the most casual matters which makes the works of certain English authors a delight to read whatever the subject.

Rosalind Wade has made an extensive study of the problems of the woman drinker. Hester Revell's story is one not far removed in potential from that of many lonely, unfulfilled women leading empty lives. But Hester is lucky—lucky in having devoted, wealthy, long-suffering relatives and faithful friends to get her repeatedly out of jams, lucky in finally finding the means for her cure, and even a companion to sustain her. Countless alcoholics are not so fortunate.

—Lucy Herndon Crockett.

NIGHT THOUGHTS: When "A Dog's Head," Jean Dutourd's novel which related the vicissitudes of a young man born with the head of a spaniel, appeared in America it was greeted with general astonishment and mixed critical reaction; it was both praised as a mordant satire of uncommon elegance and condemned as a farce as relentlessly tiresome as it was curious. But with the publication of "The Best Butter" opinion became widespread on both sides of the ocean that here at the very least was one of the outstanding minor talents in contemporary French literature. Now we have **"Five A.M."** (translated by Robin Chancellor; Simon & Schuster, $3), a little masterpiece of wit and perversity which will doubtless add to the author's stature, for it is one of the most provocative and in its way perhaps one of the best books to have come out of France during the last year.

Ostensibly the book is from the pen of a certain Fernand Durcin, bank clerk and bachelor, now edging middle age. He is bald, suffering from indigestion, and sucks in his paunch upon seeing a pretty face. During his normal waking hours he holds down his job, overeats in restaurants, smokes incessantly, and attracts an occasional woman. He is, we gather, "the ordinary man" who still finds life tolerable. But at five in the morning he awakes lucid, intelligent, and full of disquietude. What follows is a long interior monologue of the random thoughts that race through the mind of an insomniac - or at least this particular insomniac.

These are Durcin's confessions, and they are as frank as those of Rousseau; the interior monologue is reminiscent of Joyce and Faulkner, but more coherent; the protagonist suggests a somewhat undignified version of a Kafka or Camus hero stumbling through the absurdity of existence. But M. Dutourd, excellent writer though he is, is first and foremost a satirist, and his satire here, as elsewhere, is open to a number of interpretations.

It is difficult to guess how the American reading public will react to M. Dutourd's most recent tour de force. Certainly my Aunt Hattie would find "Five A.M." at once dull and in abominable taste. The safest procedure may well be not to recommend it at all but to let those who will discover it for themselves. For my part I find it in many ways no less than brilliant.

—Otis Fellows.

THE CHILL WIND OF CHANGE: Samuel Shellabarger's last posthumously published novel, **"Tolbecken"** (Little, Brown, $3.95), will surprise readers who remember those sparkling swashbucklers "Captain from Castile" and "Prince of Foxes." The present work is no dazzle of enchantment and intrigue; it is, instead, a rather plodding, earnest saga of an American family between the placidities of the turn of the century and the frenzies following World War I. The changing scene and manners (hitching posts giving way to horsepower, leisurely lawn parties vanishing in jazz and gin, freedom deteriorating into Freudom) are dramatized in the declining fortunes of the Tolbecken clan and center about young, confused Jared, grandson of that patriarch in pongee, Judge Rufus Tolbecken.

The early part of the book, describing Rufus's world before the chill of mutability shivered into his consciousness, is a charming incarnation of Victorian childhood. Shellabarger fails, however, to sustain the magic; the rest of the book, lively in spots and occasionally telling in portraiture, declines into dialogic social comment (valuable without being dramatically vital) and mechanized circumstance (busy but bloodless). We follow Jared through his tumultuous days at Princeton, itself experiencing basic changes under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson; through the disillusionments of his marriage with the worldly daughter of the new breed of business-clergymen; and through a harrowing life at the front during the war and a sense of spiritual futility following it. Jared has a hard time of it as a result of his pride, indulgence, compromises, and self pity.

Had Mr. Shellabarger lived to revise and vitalize his book "Tolbecken" might well have capped his fictional career. "Tolbecken" actually needs twice its length for persuasive development of scene and theme, more room for characterization in depth, less overt commentary on the nature of American progress, and fewer manipulations of plot to determine solution.

But even in its present state it is a book worth reading; it deals entertainingly with matters of moral importance.

—Charles Lee.

Cocktails

By Herman Salinger

THE Faces talk. The verbal vermiforms
writhe through the room's festoons of smiling smoke;
the rivering words nibble the shores of norms
and no one knows who listened or who spoke.

And this is well. Because a subtle largo
runs under it all in mumbled counterpoint:
a winding, willowing kind of wordless Congo,
huge and abstract, whose green wave would disjoint

the tittering talk and titivating sipping.
Only at times the grinning faces hear—
while shoulders heave and frosted trays are tipping—
that Congo bonging at the inner ear.

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Ideas

Continued from page 19

which he describes how a higher religion grows within the bosom of a decadent civilization and transforms the old order into a new type of society.

Some readers of the "Study" sensed that Toynbee had broken out of the confines of history into the realm of prophecy. Hence, it could be hoped that his later work would carry the vision farther or fortify the teaching. His "Approach to Religion" cries out for prophecy, but the message is still-born. Dr. Toynbee foresees that the chapter of the world's history on which we are entering is one in which our sufferings will be "more acute than ever before, and our sins more devastating in their practical consequences."

But instead of urging the men of God to rise up he advises them to bow their necks to the yoke. "This is going to be a testing-time, and if we are wise we shall await its verdict." If the Christians and the Buddhists commit themselves to making their peace with Leviathan, who can save us? Perhaps the "fossilized" Jews, if they still have as much vitality as Mr. Samuel believes.

FAITH OF A HUMANIST: Ralph Barton Perry, the distinguished Harvard philosopher, now retired, addresses himself in a little collection of essays called **"The Humanity of Man"** (George Braziller, $3.75), primarily to the philosophy of humanism. Variously defined by others, humanism means to him a recognition of that fundamental ambiguity in man which gives him both a natural origin and an ideal fulfilment. It may be religious or pagan, consistent or inconsistent with theism, so long as it emphasizes the dignity of man and conduces to his freedom. Freedom, in turn, means both effective and enlightened choice.

The gratuitous degradation of natural science by those who stress the ideal side of the human duality seems to Mr. Perry to be a dangerous delusion and one which ultimately will react upon humanism itself. Humanism and science stand together in opposition to ignorance and obscurantism and both help to arrange those circumstances in which the mind can realize its full potentialities. The vital freedom, as he says in a chapter of that title, is intellectual freedom, the freedom to think, to utter, and to communicate. All of the essays, like the man himself, are liberal, humane, and wise. —Robert Bierstedt.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY THOUGHT: The Great Ages of Western Philosophy, a six-volume project of which three have been published, is designed to serve as an introduction to the philosophy of the West, not entirely for the casual reader but for one on the contrary who wishes in brief compass to begin a serious pursuit of the writings of the philosophers. Each book contains extracts from these writings, introduced and explained by editorial commentaries.

Stuart Hampshire of All Souls College, Oxford, who edits the fourth and most recent volume, **"The Age of Reason"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3; Mentor, paperbound, 50¢), regards the seventeenth century as the age of reason, the period when scholastic formulations no longer served the uses of philosophy, when vernacular languages succeeded Latin as vehicles of philosophic thought, and when the first stirrings of a new natural science required a fresh approach to the perennial problems of appearance and reality, existence and identity, freedom and necessity, mind and matter, and deduction and experiment. The great figures in this period are Bacon, Galileo, Hobbes, Descartes, Pascal, Spinoza, and Leibniz, and all of them with the exception of Bacon were impressed by the potentialities of mathematical modes of philosophical analysis. The editor is particularly helpful in his interpretations of the complex systems of Spinosa and Leibniz and sets them forth in clear and lively exposition. His book is a most satisfactory addition to an excellent series. —R. B.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 688

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 688 will be found in the next issue

QRK PVKBQ COTSAKTT HN

YSNK ST QH CK, QH

JH, QH JH LSQRHOQ,

BAJ QH JKZBVQ.

—UHRA MSTDHOAQ IHVYKF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 687

Nothing is more tiresome than a superannuated pedagogue.
—Henry Adams.

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(Continued from page 33)

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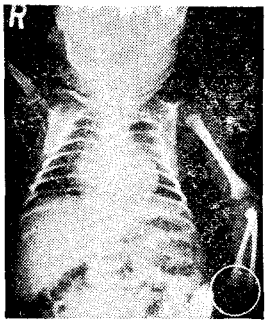

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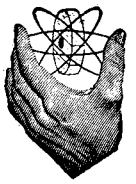

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait—VI • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Moontracking: The New Global Science-Sport

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *NO IDIOT*
- *EXTRAORDINARY SENSE*
- *BLOOD DRINK*

THE photograph beside our masthead this month is an X-ray picture of a twenty-seven-day-old baby. Shortly before the film was taken the child's parents had been told their infant was doomed to idiocy. The purpose of the X-ray was to diagnose a chest condition, and the doctor's verdict was "normal chest." In going over his work at the end of the day the radiologist confirmed that the chest *was* normal, but he noticed something else in the picture. The baby's arms had not developed properly. There should have been round islands of bone in that empty space we have circled. Around such islands wrist bones normally grow.

Growth is regulated by the thyroid gland. Was the baby's thyroid faulty? The radiologist called the parents back and took more X-rays, this time concentrating on the infant skull. The skull bones weren't growing properly, either. There was plainly a metabolic deficiency. Because it was still so young the child needn't be an idiot after all. A hormone booster would be enough to help its brain catch up with its body.

For this gladdening report from a new realm of research we are indebted to Hugh Jones, editor of *Your Radiologist*, official magazine of the American College of Radiology.

• • •

DON'T dismiss the *SR* cover this week as a piece of science fiction. The painting is based on an actual photograph of the earth, snapped by an automatic camera in a U.S. Navy rocket 100 miles up in the sky. Thanks to the experience of Hayden Planetarium staffer James S. Pickering and artist Lowell Hess in reconstructing the heavens, you see the United States as it would appear if you were 250 miles over Salt Lake City, Utah, looking toward Oklahoma City. The sun is below the horizon at the bottom of the page, still casting direct light on the Rocky Mountains in the foreground. The satellite shines with reflected light as it travels through the dusk toward the Gulf of Mexico, its direction indicated by the faint sweep of whiplike radio antennas attached to its surface. Blobs of light along the horizon are real cities, from left to right: Kansas City, Mo.; Wichita, Kans.; Little Rock, Ark.; Tulsa, Okla.; Oklahoma City (directly under the satellite); Dallas, Ft. Worth, Amarillo, Austin, San Antonio and Corpus Christi, Tex.

• • •

ALL BUT a very few scientists flatly rejected Extra-Sensory Perception for a long time on the grounds that experiments with it could not be repeated by anyone who followed an identical procedure. A small book just published by Little, Brown reports the proceedings of a conference which suggests some change in this attitude. The meeting was sponsored by the CIBA Foundation, and was attended by scientists who say they have achieved repetition of a limited sort many times over. Experiments have been attended by qualified observers, who have regulated and altered the circumstances under which the tests took place. But results still vary with experimenters as well as with their subjects. And only a handful of subjects have responded consistently.

The main thread of the CIBA symposium was that ESP has reached a point where science must take it seriously. For even if the unusual perceptions that have been evidenced are restricted to a very small minority of the population they either must be explained in some scientifically acceptable way or they must be faced as freakish exceptions to the laws of chance. Game theory and other applications of chance to modern mathematics play a vital role in our onspeeding civilization—in atomics, in supersonics, in defense against air attack, in the organization of multitudinous instructions that must be given to electronic "brains" for running automatic factories and offices. If we can't count on the chances being what we think they are we're risking serious breakdown in emergency.

By finding more people who can demonstrate exceptional perceptions it will be possible to experiment with them under differing conditions—perhaps with stimulant and relaxing drugs—to learn the mechanics of the perception process. Biologists are interested in finding out, for instance, where unusual perceptions fit in the scheme of evolution; are they vestigial or progressive faculties? Are they exhibited more frequently in primitive or sophisticated peoples? Is there any relationship between these perceptions and the radar of bats, the homing instincts of pigeons and bees? A bee can sense the presence of water. So, apparently, can tribes of primitive men.

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LACK OF a simple standard treatment for burns has worried thoughtful researchers ever since the A-bomb made millions of hideous

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burns an anyday possibility. The United States Public Health Service has just published, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, what seems likely to become the accepted formula against burn-shock.

Table salt and baking soda dissolved in ordinary tap water. That's all there is to it. Just drink it down and your chances of surviving the sudden shift of blood from your veins to your burned tissues will be just as good as though you were given blood transfusions.

This is no ordinary discovery. Shock kills many burn victims during the first forty-eight hours after injury. In major disasters blood for transfusion is always in short supply. Panic may be averted by the mere knowledge that death can be stayed by a teaspoonful of salt and a half teaspoonful of baking soda in a quart of water. Any severe burn victim who is conscious and can swallow need have no fear of drinking as much as six or seven quarts in twelve hours.

Research on the new burn treatment was conducted for three and a half years in Peru under the direction of Dr. Kehl Markley of the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases. Observations were made of 110 children and eighty-three adults afflicted with burns covering 10 to 75 per cent of their entire bodies. In all cases the salt-and-soda water proved as effective as whole blood, plasma, or the plasma extender PVP.

• • •

OUR recent speculations about the atom and the weather have been reprinted by magazines and newspapers all over the world. Several qualified meteorologists have hinted that arguments in rebuttal are coming up. We'll welcome anything that helps drive weather research into the open. We have good reason to believe that Weather Bureaucrats in Washington are sitting on a lot of information about atmospheric physics that has been discovered in A-bomb and H-bomb tests and could be revealed without endangering our security.

It might be possible to solve the weather mysteries and some other very expensive problems of civilized living in a simultaneous cooperative study. Los Angeles and other afflicted cities of the United States are paying thirteen major research groups a total of $7,000,000 a year in an attempt to get rid of smog. Smog is one of the nasty products of atmospheric physics. Related to it, in terms of underlying scientific causes, is the question of motor exhaust fumes and their role in deaths from lung cancer.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

EVERLASTING NOAH

I AM RATHER ASTONISHED by an excerpt from the book "In Search of Adam," by Herbert Wendt [*SR* Aug. 4]. In the Gilgamesh Epic there is no one called Wabani. About forty or fifty years ago the friend of Gilgamesh was put into English as Eabani but it has been known for a very long time that the correct reading of the name is Enkidu. Enkidu was not made by Gilgamesh, King of Uruk, and he was not made "from an animal." Enkidu was created by the goddess Aruru from clay; he was an uncivilized man, not any kind of animal at all. The story of Enkidu has nothing to do with Esau or any other character in the Hebrew Bible—it is in fact one of the finest conceptions of primitive man known in any mythology. And Enkidu never "became" Utnapishtim, to whom the gods had given eternal life; Enkidu dies, like any mortal. . . .

One more example: Gilgamesh and Enkidu did not set out "to conquer the world"—they went out to accomplish certain specific tasks, among them the search for immortality. . . .

The general attitude of Mr. Wendt is also rather disturbing; he tries to relate everything in Mesopotamia to the Bible, as if the Bible was more important (this attitude is typical of the nineteenth century, when people used to think that the Bible was literally the word of God and not an odd collection of various different books). For instance, of Utnapishtim, the hero of the Flood, he says, "corresponding with Noah of the Bible." But civilization existed in Mesopotamia centuries and centuries before the Jews were ever heard of, and we would still know all about the flood and the beginnings of primitive man even if the Jews had never existed. . . . We ought to realize that this part of our literary heritage really comes from ancient Mesopotamia and not from the Bible.

FLORENCE E. DAY.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Herbert Wendt does scramble Mesopotamian history in his entertaining new Book-of-the-Month. In discussing the Flood he picks Wabani or Eabani (the name was spelled both ways in his galley proofs, and his American publishers confirmed Wabani to* SR RESEARCH *as the correct version) out of the ancient Babylonian Epic of Gilgamesh to serve as a symbol of the earliest apemen, and then, in a figure of speech, gives this brute 465,000 years to acquire the foresight and boatbuilding genius of the Babylonian deluge hero, whom he calls Ut-Napishti. In the Gilgamesh Epic itself, however, the Flood has already happened and its sole surviving navigator has gained immortality for his feat by the time Wabani-Eabani (Enkidu is the preferred translation of modern scholars) appears on the scene.*

Enkidu was made from clay by the goddess Aruru for the purpose of knocking some sense into her girl-crazy tyrant King son, Gilgamesh. Enkidu emerged "naked and long haired . . . more brute than man" and lived "with the wild beasts of the plains" until he was humanized (by a courtesan, Freudians please note!) and "the wild beasts no longer regarded him as their own." Instead of flattening Gilgamesh Enkidu kissed him and the two became inseparable, roaming the earth, fighting, even invading Hell to make Gilgamesh a big name. After all else failed they appealed to the only living immortal, Utanapishtim the ark builder, for a recipe to achieve his status. But they got nowhere.

All this is told in a collection of the world's oldest short stories, originally written on clay in the Middle East by the Sumerians 5,000 years ago and translated by Dr. Samuel N. Kramer in the new book "From the Tablets of Sumer" (Falcon's Wing Press, $5). The story of the Flood is in that collection. Doctor Kramer says Utanapishtim was "the Babylonian Ziusudra" and Ziusudra was "the Sumerian Noah . . . the counterpart of the Biblical Noah."

RIGHT PROF, WRONG SCHOOL

I RETURNED FROM VACATION to find *The Saturday Review* (Aug. 4) had joined the distinguished legion of those who have mistaken NYU for that other institution of learning on Morningside Heights! Dr. Alfred Blackadar is research associate professor in the Department of Meteorology and Oceanography at New York University and not at Columbia.

RICHARD MAGAT,
Office of Information Services,
New York University.

New York, N.Y.

THE FIRST HURRAH

YOUR COLUMNS on Science and Humanity tower far above all the rest of your print. If only you can get your commentators and editors to write in words that the man on the curb can understand you will have lifted literature above the sordid, uninspirational verbosities of some so-called fine writers.

DR. CHARLES V. RICHARDS.

Baltimore, Md.

UPPER CASE

JANE SCHNEDEKER (LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR, Aug. 4) is perhaps correct in her supposition that *SR* knows another archy. Who else would insist on spelling all scientific genera, *e.g.*, "Homo (sapiens)," with a lower case initial letter? Please let's have proper, *capital* letters!

DAVID TECHTER.

Chicago, Ill.

A SHARPER BLAST

I THINK this quotation from Thoreau would have been a perfect conclusion for your article "Can the Atom Change the Weather?" [*SR* July 7]:

"Nor need we trouble ourselves to speculate how the human race may be at last destroyed. It would be easy to cut their threads any time with a little sharper blast from the North."

W. O. SKINNER.

Nocona, Tex.

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MOONTRACKING

The New Global Science-Sport

Primitive man was Nature's slave until he learned the times for planting and harvest, for breeding and pasturing flocks and herds, for living under the open sky and for seeking shelter from the winter winds. That knowledge came from the movements of the planets and the stars, the sun and the moon. Civilizations thus have been measured by their grasp of astronomy. Today we stand on the brink of a new age of discovery, rooted in a global science-sport, the tracking of manmade moons. Can you play? Read the rules outlined below by the chairman of the Department of Astronomy at Harvard University, director of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory.

By DR. FRED L. WHIPPLE

HISTORY books say that in discovering the new world in 1492 Christopher Columbus proved that the earth is round. But almost 500 years have passed since the daring old Admiral made that voyage, and we *still aren't sure exactly* what is the shape of the planet we inhabit. Of course, it's roughly globular, or it could not be circumnavigated. But it may be a lot more like a turnip than a ball. Certainly it bulges at the middle and is flat on top and at the bottom. How squashed it is between those points we simply cannot say because we have never been far enough away from it to see.

That is only the beginning of our ignorance of this place where we live. On the finest maps in the best libraries the islands dotting our oceans may be located as far as a mile away from where they really are. Even the continents may be marked from 200 to 300 feet off their true positions, and we don't know whether they are floating closer together or moving further apart.

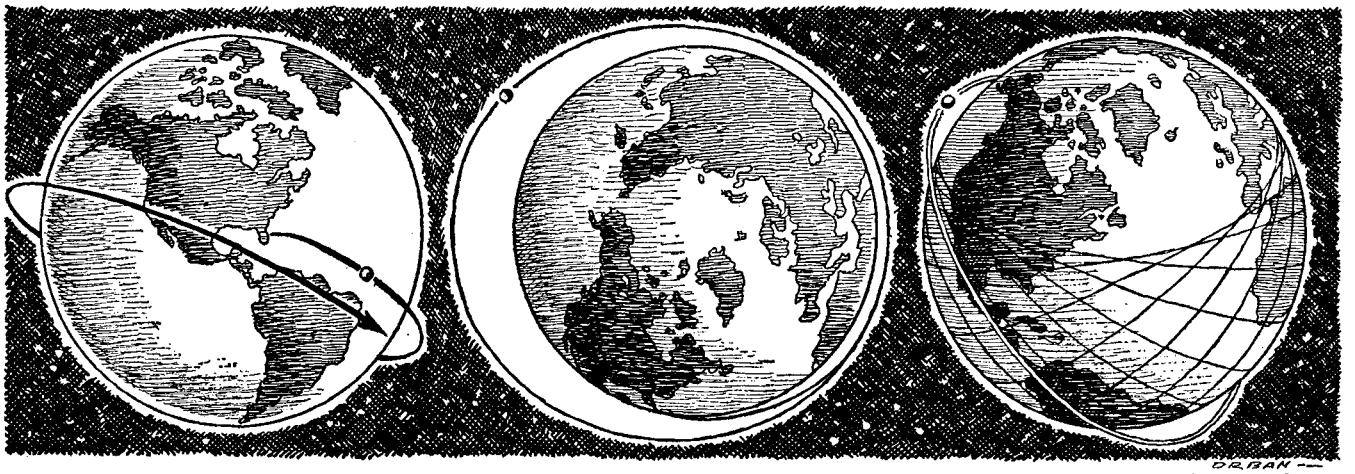
Our lives from day to day depend upon the weather. We suspect that the process may have something to do with rivers of wind high up in the sky and rivers of water deep down in the sea—neither of which have been well charted yet.

We know that all life comes from the sun. But just how the solar energy affects the earth is still part of a mystery masked by the atmosphere which enables us to breathe and so survive, but cuts us off like an opaque curtain from either seeing or clearly understanding many of the energetic manifestations from the sun.

In times past man's curiosity has taken years, decades, centuries to grope toward these intricate secrets of Nature. Discovery has been achieved hesitatingly, sometimes doubtfully, by a handful of dedicated individuals. At Barcelona in Spain in this month of September 1956, however, a campaign will open to enlist ordinary people, young and old, the world over in a scientific experiment unprecedented in human history. Beginning on July 1, 1957 and continuing until December 31, 1958, we expect that thousands of men and women of all hues, creeds, and ideas will work together in a science so new it does not even have a name. In the absence of a more descriptive word this new science has been called Plorb: the placing of artificial moons in orbits in space. I would prefer Satology, but not the more accurate Selenagnosis or moon knowledge.

ONCE we place in the sky a moon of our own making we will have for the first time a heavenly object which actually is—not merely seems to be—where we want it to be. By sighting its position from different points here on earth we can accurately measure the distances between those earthly points with nothing more complicated to do than to calculate the satellite's precise motion under the attraction of a flattened and bashed-in earth. We can then by plotting the orbit of our man-made moon determine not only the detailed shape of the earth but the thickness of its crust, possibly the movement of molten tides beneath its rocky shell, and quite accurately the density of the earth's outermost air—a vacuum better than man can make. By putting instruments and a tiny radio transmitter inside the moon before we send it up we can count and measure the primary cosmic rays which the sun showers down on us continually but which rarely reach us because they collide first with atoms in the atmosphere. These mysterious bolts are so overpowering that fragments of the atoms they disintegrate often plow deep into the earth before their secondary force is spent.

Like any new science, Plorb (or Sat-



Orbit of manmade moon remains in a constant ellipse. But Earth's revolutions within the orbit make the orbit appear to move. Globe on left, above, shows rocket takeoff in Florida and moon's return to starting point on the Equator, which shifts 1,500 miles during the 100 minutes the satellite takes to go around Earth. Center globe shows how orbit stretches out from minimum altitude of 200-300 miles to maximum of 1,500. Globe on right shows criss-cross paths orbit takes around the revolving Earth every fifty days.

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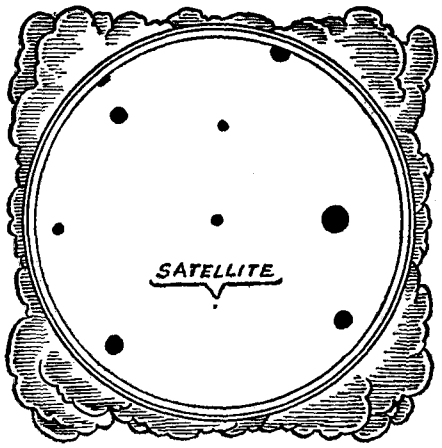


View in a moontracker's lens 8 p.m. Oct. 1.

ology) may turn out to be premature. We have to gamble against that possibility because the fundamental purpose of this science is to give us a closer, longer look at the sun's effect on earth. That effect varies as the sun blows hot and cold or, to put it more scientifically, as solar activity rises and falls in eleven-year-long cycles. And 1957-1958 is a period of peak solar excitement. That is why those particular eighteen months were chosen for the International Geophysical Year. If we cannot put our first moon into the sky during the IGY we may miss the best solar show in eleven years.

One man-made moon—or earth satellite—is in existence now. It is an empty metal sphere, 20 inches across. It rests in a United States Navy laboratory and has never left the ground. Only one rocket has ever been shot as high as the 200-300 mile altitude range where the moon will have to be carried and placed in its course. And that rocket traveled only a little more than a third as fast as the moon rocket must go. Phenomenal luck will be required, as well as fantastic skill, to place as many as half of the six scheduled moons successfully in their orbits even for a short time. At best we can expect a moon to stay up no longer than a few years, probably only one year and possibly only a few weeks.

The gamble has been accepted, however, and the U. S. Naval Research Laboratory has been given the moon-making job. It is taken for granted that some time in 1957 or 1958 the first moon will appear suddenly like a faint star racing across the tropical sky over Puerto Rico. At that historic moment the satellite will be just a few minutes old as a heavenly body, 300 miles up and 1,500 miles away from the place of its birth, Cape Canaveral in Florida.

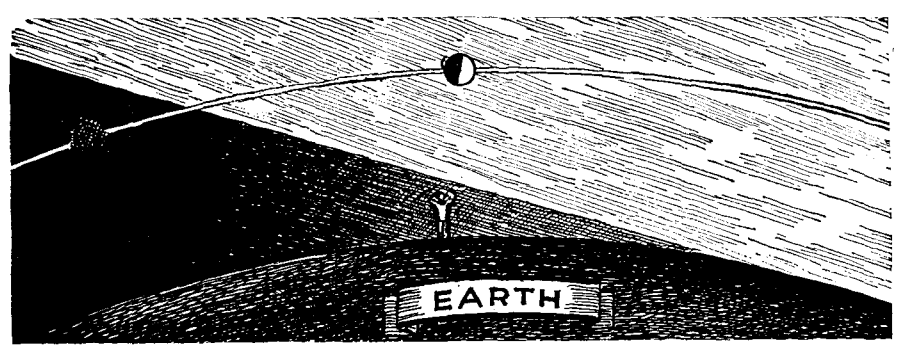
Whether the man-made moon will actually be seen by anyone at that time, or whether it will be sighted over Africa or some other distant spot on its original 100-minute whirl around the earth, will depend on the success of the worldwide recruiting that will start in Barcelona during the week of September 10-15. Barcelona is the site of the last joint conference that committees of forty-eight participating nations will hold in preparation for the IGY. There the United States will ask the other lands to call for volunteers in the new science of moon-tracking.

Perhaps the Russians will issue a volunteer call of their own, to us among others. For they are known to be interested in putting up moons, too. Some Westerners suspect that Moscow will try to get a satellite aloft before we do. American scientists are bound to be disappointed if that happens. But we won't be belligerent about it. Although the type of rocket that can place a moon in its orbit is practically an intercontinental missile, the science that goes into IGY is dedicated to peace. The information about space which our moons broadcast down to us will be shared with anyone who wants it. It might be good for all of us if some of the natural competition between East and West could be spent in such useful but harmless moon sport.

IN anticipation that other countries will respond to our call for recruits we are organizing a big Moon-watch in the United States. The National Academy of Sciences and the National Science Foundation have assigned to the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory here at Harvard the task of integrating the work of these volunteers into the observations of professional astronomers for the IGY. Details are being worked out by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, an Ohio State University professor who, as a side venture, is currently lecturing on general education at Harvard. Dr. Hynek in turn is being assisted by the well-known amateur astronomer from Delaware, Armand N. Spitz, "the planetarium man." Mr. Spitz spent a large part of the summer in travel stirring up enthusiasm for what he hopes will be the biggest scientific venture ever shared by the common man. He is the one to contact if you wish to work hard as a volunteer satellite observer. Better yet, contact one of the men whose names are listed at the end of this article, or your local astronomy group. Groups are far more useful in this venture than individuals.

It would be gratifying to say that anyone, anywhere, can take part in this history-making project. But the behavior of the man-made moon itself will preclude that possibility. Because of the angle of its orbit in relation to the equator the satellite will swing only as far north as the Thirty-fifth or possibly the Fortieth Parallel, which runs westward through Philadelphia and Boulder, Colo. to a point somewhat north of San Francisco. In other words, such big cities as Boston, New York, Chicago, Salt Lake City, and Portland, Oregon lie beyond the orbit and possibly out of sight of the satellite except by telescopic aid. Every place south of Philadelphia, Columbus (Ohio), Indianapolis, Springfield (Illinois), St. Joseph (Missouri), Denver (Colorado), and San Francisco should be in on the show. But even the inhabitants of that zone of visibility cannot expect to see the new heavenly body as regularly as they see our natural moon. During each twenty-four-hour period, when the natural moon is rising and setting once, the man-made moon will be crossing the sky fifteen separate times, coming up and going down at different points on the horizon every time. However, it can be seen only when it passes overhead at twilight, morning or evening. At other times it will be black in the night sky or sun-lit but lost in the daylight brilliance.

If the sky is clear exceptionally sharp eyes that know just when and where to look may be able to spot this tiny ball in its course a half hour after sunset or a half hour before sunrise. The satellite surface will be shiny, perhaps aluminum or magnesium and hence will shine with light reflected from the sun just below the horizon. At best, however, the light will not be bright—merely equivalent to that of a sixth-magnitude star:



Rays of setting sun slant over horizon, light satellite above but not below the dusk line.

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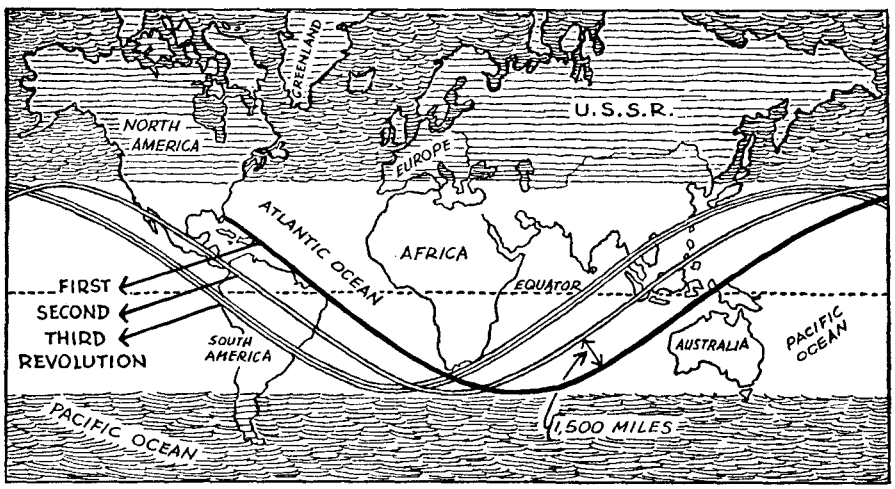

Light area marks satellite path across Americas, Africa, Balkans, Mid-East, Asia, USSR.

the dimmest star visible to the unaided eye. Furthermore, this faint image will traverse the entire United States in ten minutes. Keeping an eye on it will be like watching an object cross the face of our natural moon in something between a half second and a couple of seconds. Even that comparison isn't fully indicative of the difficulties, for the sky the satellite crosses will not be open and clear like the moon's face; it will be atwinkle with stars, not to mention the twilight glow.

ALL of the exacting scientific experiments suggested at the opening of this article cannot, of course, be based on such tenuous observations. Special cameras are being built with lens-mirror systems to photograph the sky with enormous speed. The film changes quickly and records the satellite, the stars and the face of a crystal clock to 0.0001 seconds with each exposure. These instruments will be operated by professional astronomers at White Sands, New Mexico; Cocoa Beach, Florida, and we hope at Venezuela or the Dutch West Indies; Quito, Ecuador; Antofogasta, Chile; Cordoba, Argentina; Bloemfontein, South Africa; Australia; Maui, Hawaii; southern Japan; India or Pakistan; Egypt or another point on the eastern rim of the Mediterranean; southern Spain or French Morocco. At Quito and Antofogasta the cameras will be correlated with special radio-receiving stations tuned to the broadcasting devices inside the satellite. Other radio tracking centers are planned for Santiago, Chile; Lima, Peru; Panama; Antigua, British West Indies; Havana, Cuba; Jacksonville, Florida; Washington, D. C., and San Diego, California.

If appropriate accuracy is to be achieved the sky cameras will have to be aimed in advance at that arc of sky where the satellite will next appear. And, in case the radio transmitter fails, the only source of dependable advance information about the first orbit or two will be the reports of the amateur volunteers. To derive such reports from the naked eye sightings would be exceedingly risky if not impossible. Consequently groups of observers will band together at designated spots and watch with inexpensive wide-eyed telescopes about a foot long. At each point of observation a dozen or more of the monoculars will be fixed on as many posts on a north-south axis, a few feet apart. At the large end of each telescope lens a mirror will be inclined at an angle to reflect a narrow strip of sky. The angle of each mirror in the line will differ so that we have in effect a glass fence bisecting the heavens. Even after the sky is broken up in this manner and magnified for the observers' convenience the satellite will appear in any one mirror only a few seconds.

Utter concentration is required to man one of these mirrors. Those who undertake it will have to sit in comfortable chairs, their backs firmly supported, with the eyepieces of the telescopes fixedly maintained at eye level. A tape recorder will be a useful adjunct, connected to an electric clock which will automatically register the time on the tape, so that an observer need only say into a microphone, "Time," when the satellite crosses the center of his particular patch of sky.

To prevent confusion each group of observers will have one chosen reporter, probably an experienced amateur astronomer, who will be responsible for relaying essential data quickly—via radio "hams" if possible—to a central computing bureau here at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. With as few as four observations the "electronic brain" can calculate an appropriate orbit in a few moments. Naturally, the more observations there are the more accurately the orbit can be found.

The job of the amateur moonwatching corps will not be ended when the satellite orbit is ascertained. No one knows how long this man-made moon will stay aloft. The moment it starts to spiral back to earth and ultimate fiery doom from the friction of the air the professional astronomers with their superfine instruments once again will have to turn to the amateur watchers to learn just how it all turned out.

Want to Join the Moonwatch?

IF YOU live in that part of the United States that lies below the Fortieth Parallel and would like to participate in the greatest scientific experiment of modern times write to whichever of the persons named below is closest to your home:

G. R. Wright
202 Piping Rock Drive
Silver Spring,
Maryland

Thomas A. Cragg
246 West Beach Avenue
Inglewood 3, California

Walter A. Haas
1203 N. Alameda Blvd.
Las Cruces,
New Mexico

Edward A. Halbach
2971 S. 52nd Street
Milwaukee 14, Wisconsin

Rolland R. LaPelle
R. D. No. 3
Meadville,
Pennsylvania

Charles H. LeRoy
621 Saxonburg Road
Pittsburgh 38, Pennsylvania

Russell C. Maag
904 S. Ohio
Sedalia, Missouri

Mrs. Margaret W. Mayall
4 Brattle Street
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Miss Grace C. Scholz
410 Mason Hall Apartments
Alexandria, Virginia

Steadman Thompson
1284 Edgehill Road
Columbus 8, Ohio

Clyde Tombaugh
626 S. Alameda Blvd.
Las Cruces, New Mexico

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The tracking of manmade moons can begin only after the moons are placed in the sky. Building rockets powerful enough to put them up there is the task of the U. S. Naval Research Laboratory. Here the radio-astronomer in charge of the project gives an updated version of a Rio de Janeiro report on

HOW TO HANG A MOON

By DR. JOHN P. HAGEN

SOMETIME during the coming International Geophysical Year (July 1957 to December 1958) an attempt will be made to place an artificial satellite in an orbit around the earth. The Office of Naval Research has been assigned the responsibility to perform this task and has established Project VANGUARD in the Naval Research Laboratory to carry it out.

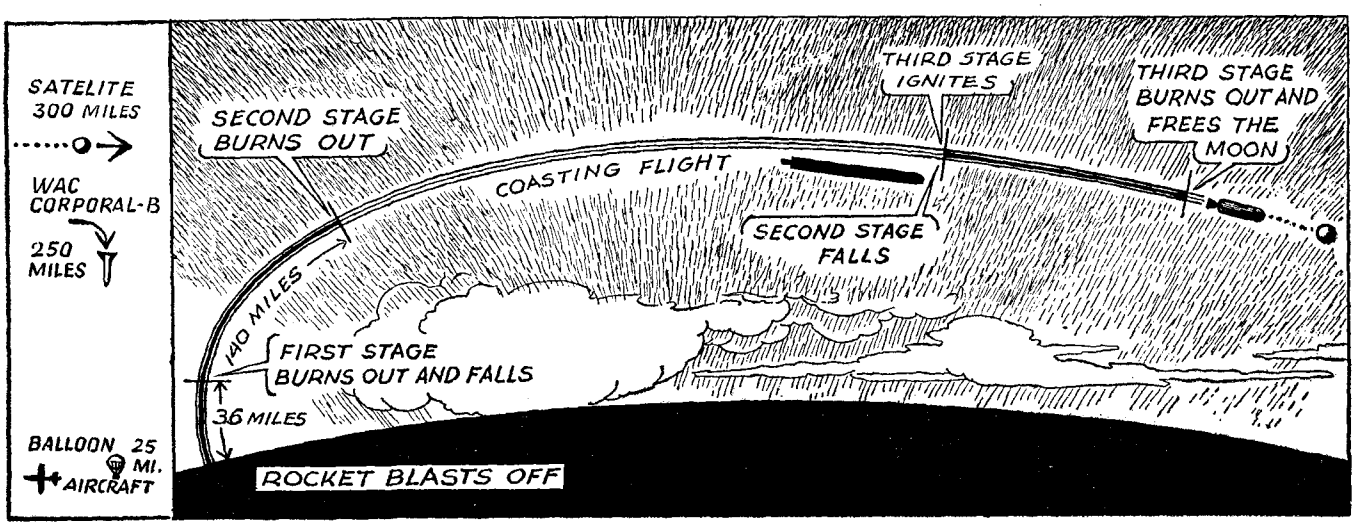
We want to put the satellite in such an orbit that we may obtain an unobstructed view of space. Theoretically the ideal orbit for this purpose would be as high above the earth as possible. But there is a severe weight limitation on our first satellites. They can weigh only 21.5 pounds, and half that weight is taken up by the satellite's own shell. Only 10.75 pounds remain to accommodate instruments. That eliminates the possibility of carrying photographic film which could be ejected and recovered after pictures of the earth had been taken. It also limits the size and hence the life of batteries to power the satellite's radio transmitter. To make sure that some kind of observation will be feasible if other provisions fail—remember this is an entirely new experience and we've got to expect the unexpected—the satellite must be visible and bright enough to make possible accurate measurements of position. For all these practical reasons it is necessary to keep at least part of the orbit just within the earth's atmosphere.

The chosen orbit is a nominal circle 300 miles above the surface of the earth, just within the outer edge of the atmosphere. If one could control perfectly the angle and velocity of firing, the orbit could indeed be circular. In fact the intended height of launching is 300 miles. But errors in this height, in angle, and in velocity will result in an elliptical orbit. In the elliptical orbit it is intended that the nearest approach be not less than 200 miles and the furthest extension about 1,500. While the atmosphere at these heights is extremely tenuous, drag is sufficient to take energy out of the orbit and cause the satellite to spiral to earth. Based on the little we know now it is calculated that the satellite would exist in a circular orbit of 300 miles height about one year. If the height were 200 miles the lifetime would be only fifteen days, and were it 100 miles then the lifetime would be less than one hour.

The satellite will be launched from Patrick Air Force Base in Florida [see *SR* RESEARCH, Mar. 24]. Thus the inclination of the orbit to the Equator will be at least the latitude of Cocoa, Florida. Actually the inclination will be somewhat greater than this and will be in the range of 35 to 45 degrees. It is desired to have the inclination as large as possible so that the satellite will be observable in the temperate latitudes where the most scientists have the best instruments.

THE VANGUARD launching vehicle (see sketch, page 41) is a three-stage rocket—a finless cylinder about seventy-two feet long and forty-five inches at its greater diameter. Dr. Milton Rosen, who is responsible for its construction, gives the gross weight, including fuel, about eleven tons. The vehicle may be thought of as providing both potential and kinetic energy. It must raise the satellite to initial orbital altitude, about 300 miles. In doing so it must also raise itself in several stages to various altitudes. If the vehicle did no more than this the satellite would immediately fall back to earth. In order to achieve an orbit there must be sufficient kinetic energy to balance the earth's centripetal (gravitational) pull. The velocity required to reach this energy is roughly 25,000 feet per second. All three stages of the vehicle contribute to this velocity.

There have been recurrent reports recently that Project VANGUARD is behind schedule. No experiment as complex as this one could hope to avoid "bugs" which take time to work out. But none of the problems we now foresee is of such nature as to defy solution within our deadlines. It is certainly reassuring that the rocket



Ten seconds after Vanguard rocket blasts off Cape Canaveral, Florida, satellite will first appear 300 miles above Puerto Rico—1,500 miles away. What happens in the meanwhile is chronicled in the above illustration. Left: yardstick of man's progress in space to date.

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otors for all three stages of the ve-
cle have had their first runs.

The first stage of the rocket is fueled
ith liquid oxygen and gasoline. It
avels upward in a gradual curve
ntil its fuel is spent about thirty-
x miles above the earth. Then the
st stage falls away and the fuel in
ie second stage of the rocket—nitric
id and unsymmetrical dimethyl-
ydrazine—begins to burn. The fuel
the second stage burns out at a
eight of 140 miles, and the second
age coasts on upward, carrying an
ectronic "brain" which spins the
tellite toward its orbit before falling
the ground. The third stage of the
cket is already 300 miles high when
s fuel—a solid, like that of a fire-
acker—ignites, speeding the satellite
eadily faster in an arc roughly par-
lel to the earth's surface. Well be-
re this time the cone guarding the
tellite in the rocket's nose has
pened like a flower, and the arti-
cial moon itself is at last released
to space by means of a powerful
pring. The satellite spins along then
n its own momentum, followed for a
ng time by the rocket's third stage,
hich is shaped like a modern sculp-
r's representation of a bird.

Once the satellite is free it becomes
separate entity, orbiting once around
ie earth in an hour and a half. This
bit is undisturbed by the rotation
the earth, so that as the planet
rns on its axis the satellite swings
er the Equator 1,500 miles further
est each time around.

After the first successful flight of
satellite I am sure we will have a
surgence of the talk of manned
pace flight. Let us remember that the
ractical problems involved indicate
at manned space flight is for the
ture. We have much to learn not
ly about conditions in outer space
t also about the means for estab-
shing even simple payloads in a
seful orbit.

The first round of problems created
y an earth satellite after it is placed
its orbit consists of those associated
ith proving that the satellite is in
ct orbiting. John T. Mengel, who is
charge of radio-tracking for Van-
ard, tells us the immensity of the
fficulty of doing this can be realized
y considering an analogy to the satel-
te. Let a jet airplane pass over at
),000 feet at the speed of sound. Let
ie pilot eject a golf ball. Now let the
ane vanish. The apparent size and
peed of the golf ball will closely ap-
roximate the size and speed of a
tellite *three* feet in diameter at a
eight of 300 miles. Our first satellite
ill be less than *two* feet across. But
ou have already read about that.
erhaps you have already decided to
alist as a moon-tracker.

Though half the money the United States is spending on the International Geophysical Year will go into earth satellites many scientists resent the attention these manmade moons attract. The true scientific weight of the IGY, they say, lies elsewhere. Unfortunately, most of them make the elsewhere sound vague and tedious. But a lively description has been given to the managing editors of The Associated Press by the director, Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, Calif. Excerpts follow.

SEA, ICE, AND RAINWATER

By DR. ROGER REVELLE

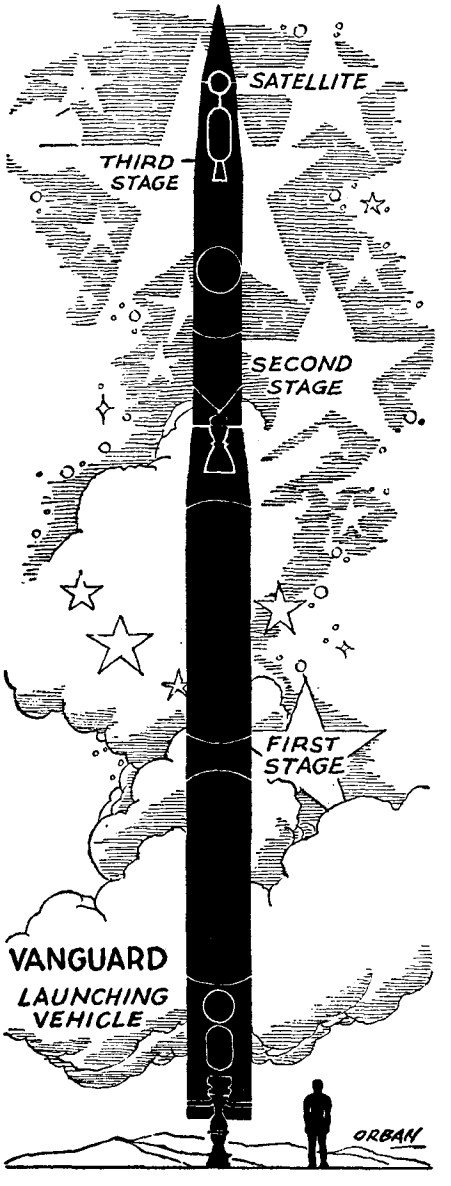
WHAT is the International Geophysical Year? It is a cooperative enterprise by scientists to make measurements that will help us in understanding the nature of the earth and how the earth is affected by the sun.

Who will take part? Forty-eight nations. The United States is playing a leading part, but the Russians in some aspects have an equally extensive program. The British and all the leading members of the British Commonwealth of Nations are involved, as are the Germans, the French, the Icelanders, the Irish, the Israelis, the Italians, and the Siamese. Measurements will be made by Czechoslovakian and Hungarian scientists, by Yugoslavs, Mexicans, Japanese, Spaniards, and Filipinos. For this great international event the Iron Curtain will be at least temporarily lifted. All data obtained will be freely exchanged among all the nations taking part: the USSR has even offered to print and distribute this material, and to foot the bill for doing so.

When will the International Geophysical Year take place? It will begin officially in July 1957 and will continue until the end of 1958, in order to insure an overlap of observation beyond the beginning and end of a twelve-month period.

Where will it happen? All over the earth. There will be many observing stations on the earth's surface, in the islands of the southern sea and in remote places with strange names—Thursday Island, Botany Bay, Malaga, Algeciras, Cadiz, Martinique, Haiti, Marquesas, New Caledonia, Casablanca, Dakar, Hollandia, Saipan, Palau, Rabaul. The Russians will maintain two observing posts on cakes of floating ice in the Arctic Ocean. Measurements will not be made only on the land surfaces or on islands. Balloons, airplanes, rockets, and manmade moons will explore the upper atmosphere and the space beyond the atmosphere. Seventy scientific research ships will explore the oceans, taking samples and measurements with long fingers of steel in the great depths of the sea.

How will the work be done? Scien-



Satellite's rocket vehicle dwarfs a man.

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tific areas in which intensive investigations are planned include studies of the aurora, the light of the night sky, cosmic rays, the changes in the earth's magnetic field, icecaps and glaciers, the physics and chemistry of the upper atmosphere, the world's weather and climate, measurements of the force of gravity, the motions of ocean waters, earthquakes, and the changing activity of the sun. Observations will be synchronized from a network of points all over the world.

How much will it cost? Probably more than one hundred million dollars, divided among all the nations taking part.

Why will there be an International Geophysical Year? Because, at this moment of time, in the middle of the twentieth century, we are like children exploring a new home in a new neighborhood. Although our species, *Homo sapiens,* has lived on earth for perhaps a million years, for nearly all of that time men have been as ignorant of their environment as if they were bacteria proliferating on the skin of an orange. Speaking figuratively, it is only within the last few minutes of mankind's life upon the earth that men have come to realize the essential nature of their planetary home: that the earth is a sphere, unsupported in space, isolated and complete in itself. We know less about the 70 per cent of the earth's surface covered by the ocean than we do about the surface of the moon.

We are nearing the end of the great age of geographical exploration, which began when Ulysses ventured out from the ancient sea between the land, the salt and fishy wine-dark sea which we call the Mediterranean, into the great river ocean. Geophysicists participating in the International Geophysical Year are chiefly interested in a new kind of discovery. They want to find out about the upper atmosphere, far above heights where any living thing can breathe. They want to know about the interior of the earth, the mighty crucible that men can never see. They are concerned with the processes of movement and change, with the winds of the air, the currents of the sea, the tremblings of the solid earth that we call earthquakes, fluxes of energy from the sun and from outer space that produce magnetic storms, cosmic rays and the Aurora—in short, with the majestic and complex processes that determine the environment of all living creatures.

SINCE you have already read about the satellites, or artificial moons, I shall try to illustrate my generalities by discussing in some detail two other aspects of the International Geophysical Year, the Antarctic program and the studies in oceanography.

No region on earth excites more curiosity among geophysicists than the Antarctic. It holds the world's greatest ice sheet and is a major hub of the earth's magnetic and meterological activity. Its lands, atmosphere, climate, and physical traits are still largely unknown; vast areas of the Antarctic continent have never even been seen by man. The Antarctic therefore will receive special attention during the International Geophysical Year. Eleven countries will man thirty-five stations there: the U.S., the USSR, Great Britain, France, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Chile, the Union of South Africa, and Japan.

Among the phenomena to be studied in the Antarctic (and also in the Arctic) will be the bright streaks of light, searchlight-like streamers and luminous waving curtains in the sky that are collectively known as the Aurora. This phenomenon is caused by atoms and electro streaming from the sun, which co verge toward the earth's magne pole, penetrate the atmosphere, a excite the gases in the upper air. Th excitation occurs at a height of abo sixty miles above sea level. When t atoms return to normal they give o the distinctive lights and colors of t Aurora. The entire action is simil to that which causes a neon lar to glow. Although the Aurora sometimes seen far from the poles is most often present in a wide b encircling the earth at about twent three degrees from each geomagne pole. For this reason the polar regio are the best locations for observing

The great icecap covering the Sou Pole has a strong influence on t weather over wide parts of the ear So one of the major objects of i vestigation in the Antarctic will the weather, not only at the surfa of the ice itself but high up in t atmosphere.

We are indebted to the atmosphe

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—VI

Father of Astronautic

Dr. Hermann Oberth, Who Calculated Satellite Orbi Thirty Years Ago, Sees His Space Dream Come True at La

WHEN Professor Hermann Oberth landed in New York from Germany on a hot July day in 1955 a train of events had run full cycle. The Father of Astronautics had come to join his disciples who had preceded him to the United States.

I am fully aware of the fact that at the present moment in history Professor Oberth (pronounced Obert, with the stress on the O) cannot yet be said to be the "undisputed" Father of Astronautics. The Russians will defend the priority of Konstantin Eduardovitch Ziolkovsky. Some Germans will hold out for a man named Hermann Ganswindt. A number of individuals will continue to say that the American Prof. Robert H. Goddard is the Father of Rocketry. But the simple historical facts are (1) that Ganswindt merely made a good guess around 1890 and (2) that Ziolkovsky, although he did begin writing on space travel in 1903, remained unkno outside Russia and almost unkno inside Russia, and (3) although Go dard's first published work anteda Oberth's by three years (1920 against 1923) Goddard restricted hi self to rockets *per se.*

This, of course, is the ultimate re son why Oberth was so much mo influential. You can interest a sm group of professionals in high al tude research by means of rocke You can interest another group professionals in military applicatio of rockets. But when you say th this or that development may le to space travel almost everybody w listen, provided only that the stat ment is made in such a way that will be taken seriously. Most int ligent people want space travel. T very thought satisfies a deep ur While space travel may not actua be the "last frontier" it is the l

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—*International News.*

ontier we can see. And we want cross it.

How the conquest of space would me about was prophesied in rather ie detail by Oberth in 1923. After general introduction developing cket theory and its mathematics berth discussed at length a rocket called "Model B." This rocket as to be a high-altitude instrument rrier. The now widely used Aerobee cket might well be said to be the tual counterpart of the purely theotical "Model B." (No, I'm not sayg that the designers of the Aerobee lowed Oberth's plan; I'm merely ying that the outcome is about as ophesied.) Oberth then went on to scribe a manned rocket, propos- the vertical take-off which today taken for granted. Finally Oberth d that such a rocket could go into closed orbit around the earth, which precisely what the satellites of the IGY will do—without men aboard.

We haven't yet worked out the landing rocket which Oberth said (in 1923, remember) could return a pilot to earth while the space ship itself remained in its orbit. The still circling ship could then be enlarged by means of other ships going into the orbit, thus establishing a space station as a base for further flights.

To put the space station together (and also for certain observations) Oberth foresaw that a space suit would be needed. And to test the pilots for their resistance to high acceleration he predicted one would have to build a large centrifuge which could be used directly for training.

Subsequently, say between 1925 and 1930, the Oberth prophecy was refined even more, partly in correspondence with the then secretary of the Austrian Rocket Society, Baron Guido von Pirquet. The scheme as published by von Pirquet (in the journal of the German Rocket Society) read as follows: After the first purely experimental rockets there would be a high-altitude instrument carrier to be followed by the long-range ballistic rocket (both for military purposes and for carrying mail) which would turn into a spaceship by enlargement and refinement. Oberth did *not* specifically prophesy the unmanned satellite carrier, for the simple reason that in his time the art of telemetering (automatic radio) was in its infancy and an instrumented satellite without telemetering probably seemed useless.

All these prophecies of Oberth's were in the field of engineering. Yet Professor Oberth was not an engineer—he is a mathematician. He is a typical absent-minded professor. To say which is merely to confirm that the man is far away in his thoughts. Like most brilliant mathematicians, he is a poor linguist. He is slow-spoken even in his own language. You can't expect cocktail-hour chatter from him. Besides, he does not drink, though he smokes. But when he does say something . . . well, let me quote just one remark. One of his early assistants proved to be rather useless, and Oberth said that this man's main usefulness consisted in casting some shadow for others to work in. (The assistant was six feet tall and extremely thin.)

Oberth's personal life must often have been frustrating to live. Repeatedly, after he published his first work, it looked as if money might be available to carry out his predictions. There was never enough. Finally, when the German Army did pour millions into rocket research, red tape and other difficulties saw to it that Oberth had no part in the development. The postwar years were hard on him. But now things should look up. He's mathematician to the Redstone Arsenal, where missile work is in charge of his onetime pupil, Werner von Braun. Even if we assume the absolutely unlikely eventuality that Oberth would not contribute one more new thought, his fame cannot decrease; he did start a new era.

—Willy Ley.

· a number of things of which no e needs to be reminded—oxygen, oisture, insulation against deadly liation from the sun. But among all e lifegiving properties of the atmosere none is more important than its otion. Think what would happen if e atmosphere all over the earth re to fall into a dead calm. Winds stribute heat from the tropics to ier regions, transport moisture om the oceans and drop rain on the ntinents, remove the polluted air om cities and bring in clean air. In windless world the tropics would come intolerably hot and the rest the planet unbearably cold. The rched continents would become st, cities would suffocate.

The energy needed to drive the culation of the atmosphere is ormous. The winds of the earth ve a total kinetic energy equal to re electric power than all the wer plants in the United States uld produce in a hundred years. e energy must be replenished constantly because the loss by friction between the winds and the earth's surface is so great that if new energy were not supplied all winds would disappear within nine to twelve days. The source of almost all the new energy is, of course, the sun. By heating the air and by evaporating water it generates forms of energy which are converted into the air motions. The worldwide circulation of the air is derived from the fact that the tropical and subtropical regions of the earth absorb more solar radiation than they radiate away, while the rest of the world radiates more than it receives. As a consequence the air warmed in the tropics moves toward the poles. This fundamental movement combined with the rotation of the earth launches a global circulation system in which the cyclones and wind systems of our weather charts are mere eddies.

We often see a sort of classical, or old-fashioned, diagram of the circulation of the air showing the winds on the surface and the vertical circulation aloft. The factis, however, that very few meteorologists actually believe it although they keep putting it in their textbooks. One of the problems of the International Geophysical Year will be to find out what is the real pattern of circulation in the atmosphere. To give you some idea of the difficulty of the problem I might point out that the ocean of air in which we live is so vast that if it were divided up for observation among all the human beings on earth each person would be responsible for watching approximately two million tons of air. Our ignorance is especially great about the winds in the Southern Hemisphere: consequently the principal meteorological efforts during the International Geophysical Year will be concentrated on north-south lines of meteorological observing stations all the way from the South Pole to the Equator.

The study of the weather is part of the oceanographic program too.

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There will be nearly seventy-five research vessels from many different countries operating in the Atlantic and the Pacific and, to a lesser extent, in the Indian, Antarctic, and Arctic Oceans. About a dozen of these vessels will belong to the Russians. They plan to maintain a ship in the Antarctic Ocean throughout most of the year, in addition to carrying out great expeditions in the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The first objective is to measure the motion of the waters at depths in the ocean. Nobody knows whether it takes a hundred years or ten thousand years for the deep water to travel from the Antarctic up to the Equator and back again.

There are three reasons why we should try to learn more about the deep ocean currents. First, the deep currents may be of great importance in long-range weather forecasting, particularly because of the exchange of water between the Antarctic and low latitudes. Second, the fertility of the ocean depends upon the exchange of water between the deeps and the waters near the surface; that is, the amount of fish and other food we can get out of the ocean is finally limited by the rate at which the ocean overturns and thereby fertilizes itself. Third, the development of peaceful uses of atomic energy will probably result in the production of unbelievable quantities of radioactive substances, and somehow these must be safely disposed of. One thing to do with them is to dump them into the deep sea. After all, the ocean is a very great hole in the ground, and its currents might spread out radioactive substances to such an extent that they would be harmless. But we really don't know whether this would be possible or not because we don't know how fast the deep water moves or how it mixes with waters near the surface.

FOR all these reasons the deep-water circulation of the oceans will be one of the major subjects of investigation of the great series of oceanographic expeditions that will be sent out during the International Geophysical Year by many different countries. At the same time considerable effort will be expended to find out about the shape of the deep-sea floor and about the interior of the earth. We can't really understand such things as the distribution of mineral deposits, nor can we develop geological methods to find resources to feed the insatiable maw of our industrial machines, until we know more about the history of the earth, and we can't get much further with this history until we find out more about the three-fourths of the earth that is covered by water.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE FRAGILE CHILDREN OF DISCOVERY

Newborn truths often die unrecognized, even by their midwives. So laments a Nobel Laureate from the Mayo Clinic, Dr. Philip S. Hench, who pleads here with his fellow physicians to keep an open mind. An unpublished fragment from an imaginative manuscript that became the introduction to Dr. Otto L. Bettmann's recent book, "A Pictorial History of Medicine" (Charles C. Thomas, $9.50)

WHAT are the qualifications for a discoverer? Important new medical truths have been discovered by physicians of almost every nation and race, of every social, economic, and professional level, at every academic or medico-military level. Not even a medical education is mandatory: many of the greatest advances useful in medicine were discovered outside the ranks of medicine. "Truth" is a capricious, fickle companion who hitch-hikes, momentarily at least, with the humble as well as with those of higher station. The prescription for success in discovery is commonly "non-refillable." No individual or nation can corner the market on Truth, patent the capacity to discover it, or obtain a long-time copyright thereon.

Great discoveries have been made almost anywhere or everywhere: no desolate military outpost is too small and disorganized, no research center too large and too organized to prevent discoveries. And the physician's bed, sometimes the only place where he can really "think," has been the place of conception for many a great discovery. No place or circumstance is "off limits" for the germination or debut of a new truth. And so wherever there is a single physician there are the potentials for discovery.

No singular ability, no small constellation of human qualities, has been identified here or elsewhere as the insigne of the discoverer. He will be guided by reason's lenses, but will use logic as a "sometime thing," for "logical" plans have led to blind alleys and many medical truths are still quite "illogical."

The minimal price for success in research has usually been complete forgetfulness of clock or calendar, strong compulsions or dedications, unmeasured patience, effort sustained beyond hope; in short, the relentless pursuit of the fixed objective. But even this does not guarantee results, and it has been paid by countless "losers" as well as winners. And the labors and hopes of many a "prepared mind" have gone unrewarded

To conceive and recognize a nev scientific truth, whether by empiri observation, by inductive or deduc tive reasoning, or by experimenta tion, is one of the most difficult ac complishments of man. To sense th subtle authenticity of a fragment o undiscovered truth, a half-truth, t create therefrom, by skill and grea patience, a new "whole-truth," an to launch it sturdy enough to sur vive the world's instinctive skepti cism and hostility—all this must pro vide a unique satisfaction because i involves not only the discovery of truth, but also the conversion of wha is only a "personal truth" into a acceptable and generally accepted fac

Why does it often take so long t utilize known truths and conver them into facts? As for the "powe of truth," if medical truth is so in vincible why is it so easily crushed forgotten, lost? Why do so man truths, even important truths, hav to be discovered over and over agai before they can be accepted and pu to work? These are the most dis couraging aspects of medical histor The capacities and culture of the hu man race would be centuries ahea of their present status if many onl had greater receptivity and sensi tivity to truth, whether new or old The generalization "Truth either *doe* something or *is* something" is not cor rect. Truth *per se* is always passive; i is only a quality; it does nothing But when truth is made to operat by nature or by man then it is thing of power, active, quantitative By contrast, there is nothing mor fragile or delicate than that fragmen of a new truth which forms in man' mind as an "original thought" an hovers there precariously on the bor derline between his consciousness an subconsciousness. It has no weigh no substance; it is an embryoni "quality." Its mortality rate is terrific Compared to it a human embryo i extremely hardy, its miraculou growth being almost automatic re gardless of its host's wishes or action

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It is not easy for an embryonic truth to live, much less to develop, in the mind of its host. Before wasting on it anything but the most casual thought the host will subconsciously try to stifle it with indifference, downgrading, excuses, etc. Even if he fertilizes it with some preliminary cogitation, orientation, and experimentation the "original thought" must overcome many dangers and "enemies" as it changes successively from a thought to a "notion," then "an idea," a sidetracked "conviction" or a growing concept," and a prenatal "belief." At birth it becomes a valid belief, then after his own confirmation it is a personally known "fact."

Even at this point the new truth faces further difficulties and "enemies." To the rest of the world it is not a new truth, not even a notion, or it isn't even known. As the first report of its existence is being prepared several fatal and near-fatal mistakes must be avoided, such as misjudging audience receptivity, etc. Next comes the first "trial by audience" which later is a composite of the gullibles, the trusting, neutrals, doubters, and skeptics, not to mention the disinterested, and a heterogeneous collection of falsifiers. Thereafter it starts the grand tour to face, mostly without author-protection, a thousand audiences similarly composed and variably disposed. Some of the common "enemies" the new truth will encounter in each audience are preoccupation, ignorance (of the subject), premature criticism, ridicule, dogma, "natural doubt," inherent skepticism, misunderstanding, misinterpretation, misconception, misrepresentation, misquotation, distortion, belittling and down-grading, jealousy and (equally serious) exaggeration, up-grading and uncritical acceptance. Now, all these will be coming from physicians and scientists, *i.e.*, from persons presumably friendly to truth. And later from these same sources will come some full confirmations but more partial confirmations, rejections, and partial rejections.

If the new truth involves a remedy, the testing of which the public will play a considerable role, further ues and shades of opinion will develop.

CONSIDERING all these difficulties, actual and potential, one wonders at the countless new medical truths which each year *do* gain general acceptance, surviving not only a prenatal maceration and digestion by the host but the natural inertia, skepticism, and reaction of the profession. Well and good; but Dr. Bettmann's account reveals an amount of "scientific spoilage" by way of rejected truths, forgotten discoverers, etc., that society simply cannot afford.

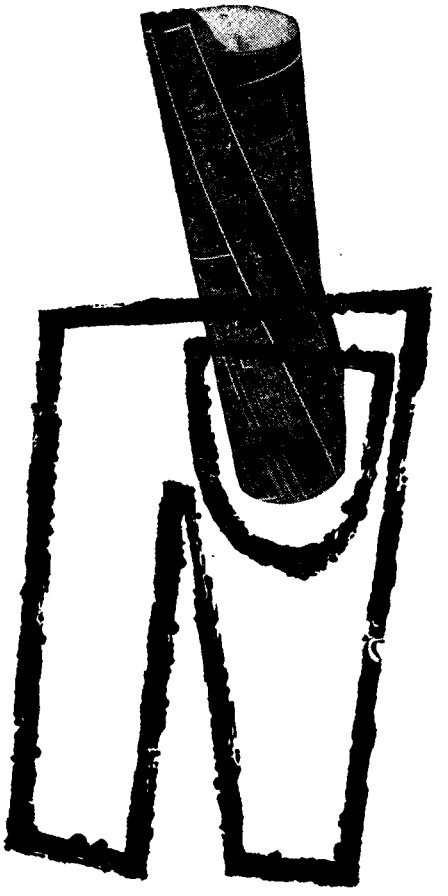
It would appear that an important percentage of discoverers and an even greater percentage of their critics do not understand or discharge fully their individual and mutual obligations. Clinical investigation is a moody business and the fluctuant moods can be stressful. The law of averages brings to an investigator the labors and fatigues of failure, of successful discovery, of work in progress, and of work on dead-center. It is not easy to keep a sense of balance and of objectivity even when only one project is being tended. Investigators and writers will note that the perverse instinct to kill off one's own litter is not confined to the animal kingdom. If the discoverer's sense of responsibility toward his creations were more even through the whole developmental cycle of each, and if he were determined to gain the favorable attention of more and more of the diversified elements of his audience, he would increase the output and durability of his discoveries.

NOW what is the fundamental purpose of all such laboring, of all our planning and lecturing and writing and demonstrating and sharing and remembering? The heart of the matter is not just the stimulated mind (for this could produce mere self-satisfaction or academic snobbery). The end of it is not even the new and stimulating truth but the serviceable application of the truth. To be useful medical truth must be put to work; it must serve. A scientific truth does not, by definition, become a fact (a noun derived from the verb *facere*—"to do") until it operates.

In the last analysis that can happen only when and wherever the informed, dedicated physician and a single patient who needs him actually meet. It is in the place, a sickroom, of whatever kind it may be, where the truthful dreaming of the theorist, the demonstrations of the experimentalist, the magic of the chemist, the guidance of the laboratory, and the wisdom of the practitioner finally come together for their critical testing. Only in the sickroom can these separate forces demonstrate their basic truthfulness and ultimate usefulness; only here can they unite to fulfil their destiny of healing.

Alone here in such a room the physician must practise both his art and his science. And if his prescription is fashioned well by head and heart he will well and truly represent medicine which, above all other arts and skills, seeks to preserve and restore the creative capacity of man.

—PHILIP S. HENCH, M.D.



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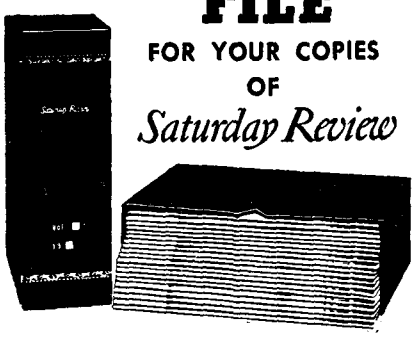

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have invited scientists to suggest new areas for fruitful research. Answers will appear on this page as they are received.*

—Bachrach.

HAROLD C. UREY *(Enrico Fermi Institute for Nuclea Studies, University of Chicago):* The Gordon Researc Conference on Nuclear Chemistry held in Merider New Hampshire, covered some most interesting prob lems being discussed by scientists at the presen time. The origin of the universe, the origin of th elements, and related topics were among the prob lems covered. During the twentieth century we are be ginning to get answers to some of the problems tha have interested men since the most ancient times. Wha is fire? What is matter? How did the elements origi nate? What is the explanation of the earth, planets, an sun? What are stars made of? Why and when did the come into being? What is the origin of life and hov may it have occurred? All of these problems hav concerned people during the past millennia and it ma be expected that before the next half century passe that very definite understanding of these problems wi be achieved.

One wonders what is next. What other great prob lems have stirred the intellect of men? It seems to m that there is a group of problems which have been c the greatest importance to men and which we hav not understood in a final way at all. What is the huma mind? What is the human spirit? What is consciousnes and why does it exist? What of man's concern with th supernatural which has been an important part of hi intellectual life since prehistoric times? Perhaps th scientific accomplishments of the twenty-first centur will concern themselves with these problems. It might b interesting for young people to start on them now.

—Jack Warner.

JAMES L. TITCHENER *(University of Cincinnati):* De lay in seeking medical diagnosis and treatment occu in about one-third to one-half of those in modern so ciety who acquire serious illness. The length of th procrastination varies, but this behavior is almost uni versally destructive to the person himself to som degree. In the past it was assumed that the delays wer due to lack of education or ignorance. But a recer study of ours opens to a new concept: that this puzzlin behavior is in a sense purposeful in that it arises fro inadequate and ineffective attempts to resolve emotiona conflict. Having or aggravating an illness satisfies som need, or helps to reduce tension. In our experience wit a general hospital population the great majority of th procrastinators had adequate information but could nc act upon it. We felt from our study that people ar sufficiently sophisticated about health problems but tha intellectual insight does not always resolve emotiona conflict. Further research is indicated in the area of mor complete and specific understanding of attitudes towar delay in treating illness.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Edibility (noun not separately listed in Webster, but presumably sound).	33 137 48 125 6 178 191 172 17
B. Let be without interference (2 wds.).	100 152 129 128 18 16 80 59 40
C. With eager, headlong impulse.	127 45 87 9 141 68 29 159 151 136 105
D. Found in both hemispheres.	73 51 15 183 147 157 5 56 96
E. Common ailment in the automobile tire which renders it unreliable (2 wds.).	84 82 67 3 163 132 138 173
F. Describing Annie Laurie's throat (3 wds.).	104 77 108 95 72 114 46 24 161 171 143
G. Lack of physical or intellectual power, natural or legal qualification.	71 57 43 184 103 150 117 155 126 32
H. The scarlet pimpernel.	36 26 115 123 139 162 189 4 144
I. Describing a room with large curving openings for light and air (comp.).	31 60 109 181 85 160 94 175 176 20 54
J. Protective shield for one who works in a glaring light, or whose vision is sensitive.	166 83 142 158 1 118 58 182
K. Indignant displeasure often mingled with animosity, esp. as excited by an affront.	19 188 55 62 65 90 37 134 81 174

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Having only one tooth.	76 49 61 91 120 44 41 70
M. Concerning the specific subject under discussion (2 wds.).	122 69 2 168 154 42 110 52 74
N. Lacking any power, process, or attribute of the mind.	92 98 119 50 186 156 112 25 164
O. Illusion of any sort, but esp. apparition of an absent person, living or dead.	7 177 145 53 113 130 93 102
P. Englishwoman, Protestant martyr, 1521-46 (one of three spellings).	111 116 165 63 38 190 79 35
Q. Continually agitated, eager to change.	179 89 47 153 135 149 11 107
R. Steam or diesel-powered flat-bottomed craft equipped to push barges lashed together, on inland waterways.	34 28 21 170 14 106 146 169
S. Specifying the toadflax which is also known as Kenilworth ivy (comp.).	101 148 97 88 140 64 185 13 30
T. Author of the posthumously published "Cipher of Roger Bacon," 1928.	78 180 133 187 23 8 66
U. The condition of appearing to be much older than one really is.	27 167 131 121 86 124 99 12 22 75 10 39

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 J	2 M	3 E	■	4 H	5 D	6 A	7 O	8 T	9 C	10 U	11 Q	■	12 U	13 S	14 R
15 D	16 B	17 A	■	18 B	19 K	20 I	■	21 R	22 U	23 T	■	24 F	25 N	26 H	■	27 U
28 R	29 C	30 S	31 I	32 G	33 A	■	34 R	35 P	36 H	■	37 K	38 P	39 U	40 B	41 L	42 M
■	43 G	44 L	45 C	46 F	47 Q	■	48 A	49 L	50 N	51 D	52 M	53 O	54 I	55 K	■	56 D
57 G	58 J	■	59 B	60 I	61 L	62 K	■	63 P	64 S	65 K	■	66 T	67 E	68 C	69 M	70 L
■	71 G	72 F	■	73 D	■	74 M	75 U	76 L	77 F	78 T	79 P	■	80 B	81 K	82 E	83 J
■	84 E	85 I	86 U	87 C	88 S	89 Q	90 K	91 L	92 N	93 O	■	94 I	95 F	96 D	97 S	■
98 N	99 U	■	100 B	101 S	102 O	103 G	104 F	105 C	■	106 R	107 Q	108 F	■	109 I	110 M	111 P
112 N	■	113 O	114 F	115 H	116 P	■	117 G	118 J	119 N	■	120 L	121 U	■	122 M	123 H	124 U
125 A	126 G	■	127 C	128 B	■	129 B	130 O	131 U	132 E	133 T	134 K	135 Q	136 C	137 A	■	138 E
139 H	140 S	■	141 C	142 J	143 F	144 H	145 O	146 R	147 D	148 S	149 Q	■	150 G	■	151 C	152 B
153 Q	154 M	155 G	156 N	157 D	■	158 J	159 C	160 I	■	161 F	162 H	163 E	164 N	■	165 P	166 J
167 U	■	168 M	169 R	■	170 R	171 F	172 A	173 E	■	174 K	175 I	■	176 I	177 O	178 A	179 Q
180 T	■	181 I	182 J	■	183 D	184 G	185 S	186 N	■	187 T	188 K	189 H	190 P	191 A	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 29 of this issue.

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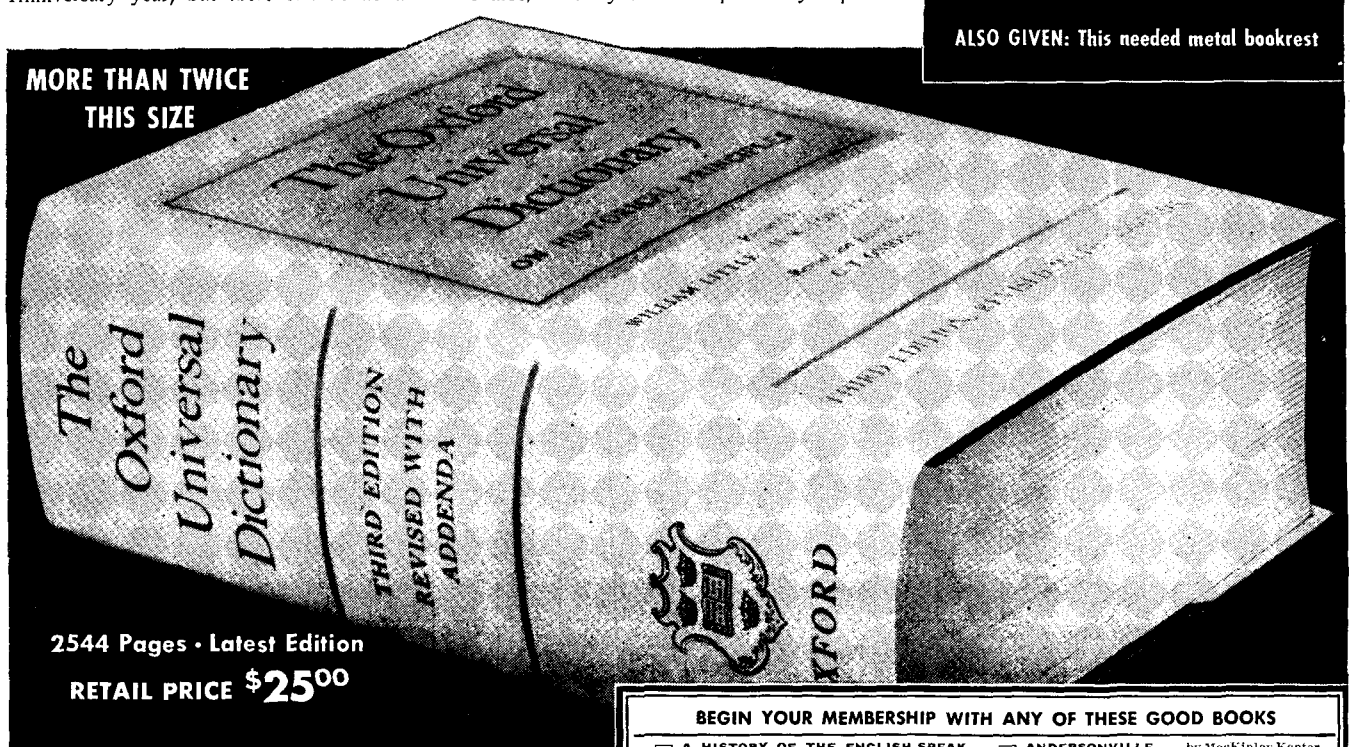

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